The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 23. Vol. IV. AUGUST, 1893. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* August *will be noticed in the* September *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th September, *in the* October *number.*

NOW READY.

THE "BOOKMAN" DIRECTORY
OF
BOOKSELLERS, PUBLISHERS AND AUTHORS.

Copies may be had by sending six penny stamps along with coupon on last page of cover to Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster-row, London.

NEWS NOTES.

The editions de luxe to be issued by Messrs. Macmillan during the season 1893-4 will include the Poems of Lord Tennyson, with illustrations by Millais, Holman Hunt, Mulready, Stanfield, Maclise, Rossetti, and others. This will be a reprint of the famous book published by Moxon in 1857. The original wood blocks are in excellent condition, and will be available without re-engraving. The large paper copies will be limited to one hundred, and will be printed on hand-made paper, with the cuts on Japanese paper mounted in the text, price two guineas net.

Another attractive volume will be 'Our Village,' by Mary Russell Mitford, illustrated by Hugh Thomson, uniform with the well-known 'Cranford,' the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' etc. Large paper copies will be limited to 250, price 30s. net.

We are specially glad to announce that Mr. Lawrence Housman will illustrate Miss Rossetti's beautiful 'Goblin Market.' The large paper copies will be limited to one hundred. Other books will be 'Rip Van Winkle' and the Humorous Poems of Thomas Hood.

While the limitation stated above will be kept in view, Messrs. Macmillan propose to print as many large paper copies of each book as are ordered in advance, but no more, and to state the number actually printed on the title page of each volume.

Mr. Maarten Maartens, who is now staying at Chexbres in Switzerland, asks us to announce to his brother authors through the Bookman, that he has left England most deeply impressed by the goodwill of his brethren of the pen. He has said that he received more kindness from strangers during his fortnight in England than in the thirty-four years of his previous existence. The dinner given by the Authors' Club in honour of Mr. Maartens was a great success, the speeches being unusually happy.

Miss Jane Barlow is preparing a second edition of her 'Bogland Studies,' for which she has written some new poems. The volume will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

We hear that Mrs. Bain, wife of Dr. Alexander Bain, of Aberdeen, is engaged on a criticism of Mr. Herbert Spencer's Philosophy, which will probably be published in book form.

We regret to hear that "Lucas Malet" (Mrs. William Harrison) is still in indifferent health. Mrs. Harrison is staying at Perugia.

The story by Mr. Walter Raymond ("Tom Cobbleigh") to which we recently referred has been accepted by the *Illustrated London News*, and will be published after the conclusion of the story now being contributed by Mr. Gilbert Parker.

We are glad to say that a new story from Mrs. W. K. Clifford will be commenced by-and-by in the *Illustrated London News*.

Mr. Clement Scott has decided to collect the articles which he wrote while on his recent tour round the world for the *Daily Telegraph*, and to publish them in volume form under the title of 'Round the World to the World's Fair.'

"G. Colmore," the author of 'Concerning Oliver Knox' in one of Mr. Fisher Unwin's Novel Series, has just completed a new novel, to which she has given the title of 'A Daughter of Music.'

Mr. Walter Besant returns from his American tour about the end of this month or beginning of August. While in New York Mr. Besant paid a very pleasant visit to Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling, who happened to be staying in that city at the time. Mr. Kipling is at present busy writing a new short story and a new poem.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written a new story, which will appear in the August number of the *National Review*, entitled 'The White Seal.' This story—which treats of seal life in and about the Priboloff Islands, and for the local colour of which Mr. Kipling vouches—should prove of great interest just now, coming as it does while we are still waiting for the result of the Behring Sea arbitration now going on in Paris.

Mr. Yeats is about to publish, through Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, a book called 'The Celtic Twilight—men and women devils and fairies,' a series of essays and sketches of various visionaries and peasant characters whom he has met in Ireland, and upon fairy and ghost stories collected by him in Irish villages. It contains a curious account of

a little group of "black sorcerers" whom Mr. Yeats saw invoking various spirits and demons.

Messrs. Longmans have in the press, and will publish in the autumn, the Bampton Lecture for 1893, recently delivered by the Rev. W. Sanday, M.A., D.D., Dean Ireland's Professor of Exegesis and Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. The subject of the lecture is the Early History and Origin of the Doctrine of Biblical Inspiration. Professor Sanday sent proofs of the lectures as they were delivered to the editors of the various religious journals, and in this way the main contents of the book are not unknown. But no doubt there will be much of value in the notes and dissertations which Professor Sanday will append.

Among the volumes to be published shortly by Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane is a collection of poems by Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, son of the Archbishop. Mr. Benson's career has hitherto been scholastic, and it is whispered, among those who are familiar with his poetry, that the work is something of a return to Wordsworth. The treatment is principally ethical, and will afford a pleasant contrast to the impressionist verse of the most modern of our literary eras.

The first part of Mr. Louis Fagan's sumptuous work on the 'History of Engraving in England' has just been delivered to subscribers; the second part will be ready in October next, and the issue completed in April, 1894. The work will be beautifully illustrated by one hundred typical examples reproduced by the Autotype Company in photogravure from rare and unique prints in the British Museum, and will show the progress of the art of engraving from the sixteenth century to the earlier years of Her Majesty's reign. Messrs. S. Low and Co. are the publishers, and the edition is an extremely limited one.

We have received a very large number of articles on the subject of "Editor *versus* Contributor from a Contributor's Point of View." Many of them show great ability, and it has been exceedingly difficult to select one for print. We give the paper which on the whole seems most reasonable and practical. The author is Mr. Henry Charles Moore, Colstock, Priory Road, London. Some of the other essays are much more lively and brilliant, but they are spoiled, as it seems to us, by the amount of temper shown in them. Yet it would be unfair to say that the complaints are not suggestive, even when they do not seem well grounded. We propose next month to sum up as impartially as possible between editor and contributor, and to bring out some conclusions from the correspondence. It seems as if the adoption of certain rules might tend to better relations between editors and contributors, and smooth the paths of both. It must be confessed, however, that some at least of those who have responded to our invitation unconsciously show that editors have sometimes good reason for complaint. Their spelling is woefully uncertain, and their grammar not much better. While most of them agree that the editor's notices to his contributors should be read, it is quite evident that they have not read ours. Others overstate their case sadly. Thus we give *verbatim et literatim* the commencement of one :—

Grievances between Editor and Contributor or, *who has to suffer most?*

This is a case not difficult to decide when we justly state that the Editor is the *made, independent* man, the "*Somebody*," while the literary aspirant is out in the cold, the "*Nobody*," ergo: *King versus Pauper.*

I, the Literary Aspirant of *some years standing* shall take the challenge and sigh out my personal woe and experience along that unrivaled pleasant and smooth path to Fame, Glory and Riches.

The same writer says :—

I started my career as a Lyric Poet one evening looking out of our Drawing Room window scribbling with my pencil some erotic lines on the window-sill. I was sixteen years old, desperately in love and the glittering moonshine lingered caressingly on my nervous frame. My first poem was born, and soon this parental joy was allowed to expand over a small volume of successors.

A highly popular Poet to whom these "*Ditties*" were submitted took interest enough in them to wish for the author's personal acquaintance, and I shall never forget the kind generous encouragement I received from him. The few Lyric's he thought faultless and worth to be published he made me send to some Editors under a nom de plume. I did so, and, never heard of them again. Not satisfied with this result my protector selected two small poems and sent them off himself with a few warm recommending words, and—in a fortnight's time I could greet them in a first rate Magazine; they were highly praised and—not remunerated, but who would expect money for Lyric?

Another correspondent says: "For one twinge of pain an editor has suffered none can say how many hearts the editor has bled, often, too, the hearts of penniless women who have been writing for their lives."

One writer says: "Outsiders regard editors as not sufficiently candid in their notices to correspondents. If an editor will not read contributions, he should say so distinctly, and refuse them. If there are departments wherein he relies wholly or partly on a regular staff, such wholly or partly blocked departments should be made known. Thus not only would editors be saved an enormous amount of trouble, but contributors, learning where there was no thoroughfare, must necessarily turn into another path."

Many writers complain of the editor's low estimate of the value of unsolicited contributions. The following passage is fairly representative: "That works of great merit have been tossed about is a matter of general knowledge. It has been stated that even the 'Song of the Shirt' was so treated, and that when at last it found a haven in the pages of *Punch* it was accompanied by a note to the editor from its despairing author, wherein he expressed the hope that whatever happened he should never see it again. Editors have enormous labours, that all will admit. But do they realise, and do existing editorial usages provide for a proper examination of the mass of papers that hide the gem? If manuscripts are forwarded in the proportion in which men of eminence exist, 4,300 would have to be examined in order to find a gem. Hence one need not be surprised that under such conditions the editor is so oppressed with the dulness of the 4,299 that the brightness of the remaining one fails to excite response."

Another point dwelt upon often and plaintively is the necessity, for the sake of editors themselves, of their admitting new writers.

As to the return of manuscripts, there is a considerable difference of opinion. Many of our correspondents cheerfully acquiesce in the view that the conditions laid down in a magazine should be complied with. But one lady, in an extremely able article, says: "The second crime in the list is the contributor's disregard of editorial notices referring to the return of manuscripts and the enclosing of stamps. There are contributors who do not send stamps for the return of their manuscripts. Well, no doubt they would be only too happy to do this if they had them, but indeed no one knows better than the casual the drawbacks as well as the crimes of poverty. But I have the audacity to opine that when a contributor has put the proper number of stamps upon the package he sends to the editor, he has fulfilled his duty, and that it is the editor's duty, not as kindness of heart, to return the manuscript, and the business of the firm for which he is acting to take on itself the expense of postage. Postage ought to be, in my humble judgment, as much a part of the current expenses of a newspaper firm as is the paper on which the periodical is printed. It is at this point that the editor invites sympathy for the nuisance of returning unsought articles, presumably even those in which stamps are enclosed, but does this gentleman ever consider the nuisance of a far more urgent and deep nature which is suffered by the unhappy casual? Does he know of the wasted energy, fruitless effort, baffled hopes and fears and disappointments, and of the despair and horror that begin to seize a modest, sensitive writer whose contributions are continually rejected, and upon the fate of whose articles the roof over his head and the bread he eats depends?"

The same writer says: "I think I could have borne rejection if it had been my lot to come across an editor who ever showed me the slightest personal kindliness or encouragement, a Thackeray, for instance, or a Trollope. But are there any editors nowadays who show any tender feeling to unknown and insignificant persons of moderate and modest abilities? If so, I know them not, and a conviction has long been borne in on me that literary success in London is mainly obtained by a success in London society. An editor dines with the Marchioness of X. one week, and is perfectly willing to employ on the staff of his paper one of the protegés or relatives of the Marchioness the following week."

Another writer says: "I submit that it is a cruel, and from the contributor's standpoint an unnecessary hardship, that the responsible heads of magazines of general reading should receive manuscripts, and should refuse to return them. It is not only that the writer is put to the trouble and expense of rewriting the article or having it typed, although with many that is no unimportant consideration. The great objection is that for weeks, often for months, he is uncertain whether or not he is justified in submitting it to another magazine. If manuscripts are returned at all periods from a day to three months, how is one to judge?"

Great complaints are made of the manner in which contributions are returned. "The rolling of manuscripts is frequently practised in some editorial offices that I know. It usually compels rewriting, if the paper is to have a chance elsewhere. So does careless folding." Others say that one or two well-known editors have a habit of writing figures in red ink on the manuscripts they return.

One contributor sagely remarks: "Editors can save themselves all trouble about returning our articles by publishing them and paying something for them. After all, we do not send articles with the desire of having them returned, but with the view of their publication and payment." It is fair to say that this is "wrote sarkastic."

"If," says one contributor, "outsiders are invariably mediocre, as seems to be our editorial friend's experience, where do the inside contributors come from? Were they spontaneously generated, or did they not originally come from the outside? Is it possible to begin from the inside? These be questions of breathless import to me and all other would-be insiders."

One writer takes the somewhat remarkable view that an editor has no duties to contributors if he prints no notices. This, in our correspondent's opinion, means that he does not ask any help from outside, consequently he has no duty to the writers. When, however, an editor puts in a notice to contributors, this, in the view of our correspondent, is an invitation for outsiders to write. Consequently, having given an invitation, an editor is bound to return manuscripts, and treat contributors generally with civility. But when an editor intimates that he does not return manuscripts, this is as much as to say that while he does not absolutely refuse to examine what is sent in to him, he depends mainly on his staff, and does not solicit the help of volunteers.

The most serious grievance, however, that outsiders have to complain of is evidently that of payment. It is clear that not a few periodicals do not pay anything when they can help it, that when they do pay they are as illiberal as possible, and that these delays are very trying to those who are in need of money. Another real grievance is that articles are often kept until it is impossible to use them elsewhere, the occasion having gone by. On these and other points we hope to write next month.

An *edition de luxe* of Mr. Aldis Wright's well-known Cambridge Shakespeare is announced for publication in the autumn by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. The work will be comprised in forty royal octavo volumes, each volume containing a complete play. It will be printed on a fine cream-white hand-made paper, and bound in Irish linen. The first volume will be ready in October next, and the impression strictly limited to five hundred copies. The undertaking appears a bold one, but its issue has been decided upon to meet the requirements of Shakesperean students and collectors.

A work of considerable importance to antiquarians and others will shortly be ready for publication. It is entitled 'Annals of the Ancient Royal Forest of Exmoor,' by E. J. Rawle. The material for the work has been collected chiefly from documents in the Public Record Office, and from the Harleian manuscript in the British Museum. Much curious information, both of persons and places, is now printed for the first time. There will also be found

many interesting details concerning Exmoor during the Tudor and Stuart periods. The edition will be limited to three hundred copies, and published by Messrs. Truslove and Hanson, Oxford Street.

It is a sign of the times that the "Story of the Nations" is being translated into the Gujarati and Marathe vernaculars. These are the languages spoken in H.H. Ghaikwar's province of Baroda. The work of translation has been conducted by the tutor of the Ghaikwar's son. The following volumes have already been issued: Egypt, Carthage, Persia, and Turkey. Those on Assyria and Chaldea will probably follow.

In the "Story of the Nations" series, the next volume will be 'The Australian Commonwealth,' by Mr. Greville Tregarthen. In addition to the Australian continent, this will deal with Tasmania and New Zealand. Many of the illustrations to this work have been supplied by the courtesy of the Australian Government.

Mr. Phil Robinson will shortly issue a new volume entitled 'Some Country Sights and Sounds.'

Bibliophiles will be interested to know that a little pamphlet, printed by Mr. George E. Over, of the Rugby Press, has been issued, which bears on the cover the three names, "Alfred Hayes, Richard Le Gallienne, Norman Gale," and is a complete bibliography to the works of the three poets named. It is printed on hand-made paper, and gives full particulars of each volume—four titles standing under the name of Mr. Hayes; eleven under Mr. Le Gallienne's (including the as yet unpublished 'Religion of a Literary Man,' of which it is stated there is to be a special rubricated edition; and also 'Nightingales,' which is included in 'A Fellowship in Song'); and seventeen under Mr. Gale's.

Mr. Unwin has arranged to extend his Children's Library, and is preparing a selection of Child's Histories. Of course, amongst the first would be 'The Child's History of England'; followed by Ireland, France, Scotland, Wales, and others. The books will be prepared primarily with a view to home use, but should also find a place in many schools.

We understand that in Mr. Unwin's Pseudonym Library volumes will shortly appear by Miss Beatrice Harraden and Mr. S. R. Crockett (author of 'The Stickit Minister'). The volume to be issued in August will be 'The Passing of a Mood,' a collection of modern realistic sketches.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden, Limited, will publish in the autumn a new volume of poems by Mr. Mackenzie Bell. It is entitled 'Spring's Immortality, and other Poems.' Some of the contents have already appeared in the *Academy*, *Speaker*, and other journals.

Mr. Hume Nisbet has just returned from a visit to Norway where he has been gathering local colouring for a new story of adventure entitled 'Valdmer the Viking,' which he is writing for Messrs. Hutchinson; he has also been making some sketches for the illustrations to the book.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has been holiday-making with Mr. Frank Matthew, author of 'At the Rising of the Moon,' in Switzerland. He has taken the Home Farm at Sulham, near Pangbourne, where he spent the autumn two years ago, for the summer. We hear that he is contemplating writing a long novel.

The "Nonsense Verses" which have appeared from time to time in the *Idler*, under the signature "M. K. H.," are the work of Mrs. Mary Kernahan Harris (sister of Mr. Coulson Kernahan), of St. Albans. Mrs. Harris was at one time a frequent contributor of poems and stories to several well-known magazines. Her 'Strange Dilemma of Mr. John Westbrook,' which appeared originally in *Belgravia*, was translated into French and published serially in *Le Revue Illustré*, and a novel of hers which was issued anonymously, under the title of 'A Great Deception,' has had a large sale. We hear that Mrs. Harris intends collecting her "Nonsense Verses" into an illustrated volume.

The series of humorous articles on West Indian life which Mr. Eden Phillpotts has been contributing to the *Idler* are the result of a trip which he recently made round the world. When completed they will be issued in a volume, probably by Messrs. McClure and Co.

Mr. W. C. Borlase, the eminent antiquarian, is about to publish, through Mr. Pollard, of Truro, an important monograph on Early Christianity in Cornwall, entitled 'The Age of Saints.' In its original form it appeared in the Journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall, but many additions and corrections have been made in reprinting the series of papers in book form.

The interesting critical articles which have lately appeared in the *Athenæum* on Mr. Buxton Forman's edition of Shelley are, we believe, by Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson, the author of 'The Real Shelley.'

Journalist. Mr. C. N. Williamson has retired from the editorship of *Black and White*. We believe a year's salary has been paid him in compensation. Mr. Oswald Crawford is now at the head, and additional assistance has been given him.

Continental. The death of M. Guy de Maupassant has called forth very sincere regrets here, as well as among his own countrymen, for its untimeliness and its tragic circumstances. The affection with which he was regarded by all his friends and many of his readers in France, has naturally enough been more to the front than criticism in the eulogiums of him that have appeared since his death; but the coldest, most unresponsive of readers must own that a writer of great distinction and force has been lost to the world.

Perhaps no one was ever more definitely trained for a literary career than Maupassant, and as the literary art is notoriously capricious, and wont to fly those who count openly on success, it is perhaps the more astonishing that he achieved what he did. Born at Fécamp in 1850, at the Château de Miromesnil, and educated at the Rouen *lycée*, his literary training began, as is well known, while he was still a boy, under Flaubert, a long training, too, of years,

THE LATE M. GUY DE MAUPASSANT'S STUDY.

M. GUY DE MAUPASSANT'S HOUSE.

and which had at least two advantages. It discouraged him from premature publication, and it impregnated him with Flaubert's ideas of the value of style.

After Maupassant had come out of the pupil stage, he probably never racked his brain as painfully as Flaubert over an expression, or revised his work so feverishly. But the early discipline under so fastidious a master had its fruit in a robustness, a finish, a correctness of style, which is unequalled by any writer of the day. He had no eccentricities and few flowers of speech; but he wrote virile French, concise, harmonious, flawless. Flaubert inspired his pupil with lasting gratitude. To Maupassant he was always "l'illustre et paternel ami que j'aime de toute ma tendresse, l'irréproachable maître que j'admire avant tous."

Maupassant had to strive against poverty as little as against want of encouragement and recognition. The spoilt child of fortune, of magnificent health to all appearance, athletic, and delighting in muscular exercise and exertion, he yet wore himself out, or let some hereditary taint master him by the strain he put on his bodily and mental powers.

He has been called a heartless writer. "Heartless" does not describe the temper of his books. In 'Pierre and Jean,' in 'Fort comme la Mort,' even, and others, there is abundant tenderness. But consistently pessimistic, evidently without a single ideal or belief, Maupassant is certainly one of the most melancholy of writers. He thought life interesting and ugly and describable; so he described what he knew of it. Zola, in the funeral oration, compared him to Rabelais, on what ground it is hard to say; he had none of Rabelais' geniality. Fearlessness, and the conviction that fiction has the whole of life, and not mere expurgated portions, for its field, would seem to be their only feature in common. Some of his short stories, at least, are almost certain of a life long beyond this generation, for their admirable style and the concentration of their power. At his age he might have had time to revise and extend his views of life, and might have left us a more sympathetic memory. As things are, force, even brutal force, is the quality most inevitably connected with his name.

Having in his mind Maupassant's fortune and fate, Zola described him as "un des hommes qui ont été les plus heureux et les plus malheureux de la terre, celui où nous sentons le mieux notre humanité espérer et se briser, le frère adoré, gâté, puis disparu au milieu des larmes."

American. Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, the American poet, has finished a rendering into English of Delavigne's tragedy, 'Les Enfants d'Edouard,' which has been accepted for production in America, and will be put on the boards this autumn, probably in September. Her rendering of 'Le Demi Monde,' by Dumas fils, has been running during the whole of the winter and spring. We hear that Miss Guiney has another volume of poems ready for press.

Mrs. Sarah M. B. Piatt, who has just published through Messrs. Longmans a volume of "Pictures, Portraits, and People in Ireland," entitled 'An Enchanted Castle,' and who is widely known for her exquisite child-poems, is not, as is so generally supposed, an Irishwoman, but an American, and the wife of Mr. John James Piatt (himself a poet), the American consul in Dublin.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., the well-known firm of Boston publishers, will issue in the autumn season a new Cambridge (Mass.) edition of Longfellow's Poetical Works in one volume. The poems will be headed by brief explanatory notes, which will add much to the interest of the edition, and the book will altogether be a compact and handsome volume of between four and five hundred pages. They are also issuing what is called a handy volume edition in five volumes.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. are about to issue a new volume by Miss Agnes Repplier, entitled 'Essays in Idleness.' Miss Repplier, it will be remembered, recently published, through Messrs. Gay and Bird, a little volume entitled 'A Book of Famous Verse.'

Our portrait of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton is taken from a photograph by Messrs. Marshall, Boston.

RECENT BOOK SALES.

EDITED BY THOMAS J. WISE.

(*Continued from page* 106.)

Catonis Disticha de Moribus cum Commentariis Philippi de Pergamo first edition with the Commentary, oak boards covered in leather, protected by 10 brass bosses, Aug. Vind. A. Sorg., 1475. £3 16s.
[Very rare. The Alchorne copy sold for £9 19s. 6d.: and Sir J. Thorold's for £5 2s. 6d.

Caxton. Higden (Ranulph) Polycronycon, translated by John de Trevisa, black letter, wants Proheme, five other leaves, etc., see Mr. Christie's letter prefixed, russia, sold, with all faults, W. Caxton, 1482. £122.

Caxton (W.), Myrrour of the Worlde, black letter, woodcuts, wants title at the end, sold with all faults, calf extra, L. Andrewe, n. d. £6 17s. 6d.
[Considered the chef-d'œuvre of Andrewe's Press. Woodhouse's copy (perfect), sold for £26.]

Caxton (W.), Doctrinal of Sapyence, black letter, 6 leaves supplied in Manuscript by W. Herbert, sold with all faults, W. Caxton, 1489. £58.
[Excessively rare. This copy sold for £83 in the Towneley sale.]

Cronicelis of Englonde with the frute of timis, black letter, several leaves facsimiled, else fine copy in brown morocco extra, gold tooling, gilt edges, by Riviere, sold with all faults, St. Albans, n. d., 1483. £96.
[No perfect copy is believed to be known and excessively rare even imperfect.]

Cronycle of Englond with the Fruyte of Tymes, black letter, woodcuts, wants all before folio XLIV., sold with all faults, half calf extra, by Winstanley, Wynkyn de Worde, 1515. £7 5s.

Cypriani Epistolæ et Opuscula. Merovingian Manuscript on Vellum, several leaves at commencement damaged, oak boards, covered in leather, in an oak box lined with velvet, with lock and key, Sæc. viii. £270.

Dance (G.), Collection of Portraits, 142 portraits engraved in imitation of the Drawings by W. Daniell, half green morocco extra, 1814. £2 12s.
[Only 50 copies printed.]

Evangelia IV., cum Calendario, Coptice, Manuscript, with richly illuminated calendar and various ornamentations also illuminated in gold and colours, and 4 miniatures of the Evangelists, oak boards, covered in stamped leather, Oriental style, Sæc. xv. £17.

Evangelia IV., Armenice, cum Calendario, fine Manuscript on Vellum, ornamented with 4 miniatures of the Evangelists and numerous Decorations exquisitely illuminated in gold and colours, old calf with clasps with a silk roller, Sæc. xvi. £15.
[The Calendar is finely ornamented with heads of saints, beasts, and birds.]

Heures a lusaige de Romme, printed on vellum, the borders (coloured) represent the Destruction of Jerusalem, and scenes from the Apocalypse, a leaf mutilated, sold not subject to return, morocco, g.e.; Paris, G. Hardouyn, 1500. £6.

Heures a luisaige de Romme, avec Calendrier et Almanach (1507-1520), black letter, printed on vellum, within woodcut borders, large woodcut illustrations (uncoloured), initial and capital letters illuminated, a few leaves slightly cut into, calf, g.e.; Paris, G. Anabat pour G. et G. Hardouyn, 1507. £6.

Heures. Ces presentes Heures aux grans suffraiges, etc., avec Calendrier et Almanach (1503-1520), black letter, printed on vellum, woodcuts, wants a II, old citron morocco, g.e.; Paris, A. Verard, 1503. £9.

Hewitson (W. C.), British Oology; being Illustrations of the Eggs of British Birds, 2 vol., coloured plates, half morocco, g.e.; Newcastle-upon-Tyne, n.d. £3 7s. 6d.

Epistolæ Jacobi Apostoli, B. Petri, Joannis Evangelistæ et Judæ Apostoli cum Commentario, manuscript on vellum, with drawing of the Church of St. Peter in Augia, inscribed "Liber S. Petri A. in Augia Minoris." Sæc. xii. £15 10s.

Evangelia IV., Latine, cum Canone S. Eusebii, manuscript on vellum, decorated with portraits of the four Evangelists and their symbols, with headings to St. Matthew and Mark in letters of gold, vellum, with bookplate of F. W. Count Wartenberg, Bishop of Regensburg. Sæc. x. £135.
[On the fly-leaf is written: "Hoc Evangeliorum codice usus fuit S. Ansesarius dum esset in vivis et multis exinde Seculis in Ecclesi Bremensi veluti sacer asservatus est."]

Evangelia IV., Latine, manuscript on vellum, with drawings of the Evangelists and initial letters, blue morocco extra, leather joints. Sæc. xi.-xii. £93.
[This MS. seems to have belonged to the Church of St. Mary in Walbeke, as on several of its leaves are written "Consuetudines Ecclesiæ," and List of its Acres, etc., as well as various memoranda dated 1360 and 1388, etc.]

Evangelistarium sive Lectionarium ex IV. Evangeliis, manuscript on vellum, first page ornamented with figures of the Evangelists, illuminated in gold and colours, blue morocco extra, g.e. Sæc. xi. £60.

POETRY.

SUNNY MARCH.

The hedge is full of houses
And the houses full of eggs,
For it's Spring!
So the yellowhammer tinkles
To the hawthorn green again,
On the wing.

The sparrow, he the gymnast,
Sings more boldly on his spray
In the sun,
And the blackbird floods the orchard
With an air too fine for June,
Trill and run.

Now my milkmaid lass is waiting
By the haystack for a kiss,
In the dusk;
So I clasp my Love in lilac,
Dearly sweet with double scent,
Milk and musk!

NORMAN GALE.

THE MOODS.

Time drops in decay
Like a candle burnt out;
The mountains and woods
Have their day, have their day;
But, kindly old rout
Of the fire-born moods,
You pass not away.

W. B. YEATS.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. E. F. BENSON.

The author of 'Dodo' has not had long to wait for recognition. It is his first novel; and it went through a first edition in about a month, a second in three weeks, and soon it will appear in French.

Mr. Benson is, as is well known, the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and brother of Mr. A. C. Benson, a master at Eton, a littérateur, and a contributor on several occasions to the BOOKMAN. The author of 'Dodo,' who is twenty-five years old, left Cambridge two years ago, and since then has spent several months in Greece, in the spring of each year, working for the British Archæological School at Athens. He has made several excavations, and is going to Greece again this year for six months, with a grant from Cambridge.

'Dodo' was written in two parts, one, down to Chesterfield's death, two years ago, the other last autumn. In all, only about two months was spent over it. Mr. Benson intends publishing a volume of short stories in the autumn, and another novel, written last winter, early next year. Like 'Dodo,' the novel will deal with modern life. Neither his invention nor his industry seem to flag. He has a play in his head, so in all likelihood it will be out of his head and on the stage very soon.

MR. THOMAS A. PINKERTON.

Mr. Pinkerton is the writer of several novels, the best known being 'Arnold Bolsover's Love Story' and 'A New Saint's Tragedy.' They have gained the good opinion of fastidious critics by their strength and originality, and they are in all probability destined to have worthy successors. Mr. Pinkerton, who writes exclusively of provincial life, and lives in the south-west of England, was nevertheless born in the immediate neighbourhood of London, and spent his early life there. He considers this fact to be an advantage to him, as he was saved from cherishing illusions about London. He is descended from an old Scottish family several members of which have followed literary pursuits. His father, the late William Pinkerton, F.S.A., was a prolific writer on antiquarian subjects, and a good part of Chambers, 'Book of Days' was from his pen. Mr. Pinkerton the younger's first love was not literature, but painting. He studied at South Kensington, and practised landscape painting with success enough to exhibit in minor exhibitions. The years he spent in this other art he does not regret, being of opinion that drawing is an excellent strengthener of the memory, that it develops the sense of proportion and observation, while the out-of-door life of a sketching tour on foot can be made of excellent service to any faithful student of rural life and character.

Mr. Pinkerton's first novel was written in 1879, and as it was accepted by Messrs. Bentley he was encouraged to continue. The story, however, that first brought him distinction was 'John Newbold's Ordeal,' published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein in 1889. This, along with the two later, 'A New Saint's Tragedy' and 'Arnold Bolsover's Love Story,' form a kind of series. At all events the scene of each is laid in a provincial town called Millington, and many of the characters are common to the three.

Mr. Pinkerton thinks that the novelist should not live in London. If he does, and yet attempts to paint country life—as they nearly all do—the local colour of his novels is apt to be thin and unsatisfactory, reflecting only the slight temporary impressions of the neighbourhood where he spent his last holiday.

LORD BEACONSFIELD AND HIS MINOR BIOGRAPHER.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER FIRST.

My Interviews with Lord Beaconsfield not those of an "interviewer"—The Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography and projected Dictionary of British Biography—Biographical notices of living persons admitted into the former work—My sketch of Mr. Gladstone—And of Mr. Disraeli—First interview with him—Mr. Disraeli's Autobiographical notes.

TWICE I had interviews with the late Lord Beaconsfield, an interval of many years elapsing between them. At the time of the first of them the practice of "interviewing," so rife now-a-days, had not been imported from the United States, and the second had, indirectly, its origin in the first. Neither of my visits to Lord Beaconsfield was paid with any thought of interviewing him in the contemporary acceptation of the phrase; both of them were in response to invitations from himself, given that he might confer with me on matters more interesting to him than to me.

My slight personal knowledge of Lord Beaconsfield arose out of one of very many contributions of mine to a well-known, an elaborate, and a bulky work of reference, the Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography. These contributions were multifarious, ranging from the letter B to the letter Z, from Baber the founder of the Mogul empire in Hindostan, to Zaleucus the legislator of the Locrians, and the congenial employment made the years devoted to it some of the pleasantest of my literary life. I began to contribute to the Dictionary under its first editor, my friend the late Patrick Edward Dove, an ill-fated man of great and varied ability and high character, who was struck down by a lingering disease which rendered him incapable of mental exertion, and which carried him to the grave before his time. I was happy to see ample justice done to his merits in the sketch of him which appeared in what was then, but has unfortunately ceased to be, Mr. Leslie Stephen's Dictionary of National Biography. That Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography did really supply a want, and with many faults, the responsibility for which is doubtless shared by the present writer, is in his opinion the best British work of the kind that has as yet appeared. At one time its publisher was so satisfied with its success that he projected the issue of a Dictionary of British Biography, for which I drew up, at his request, a list of names in letter A. The project was doubtless suggested by an announcement of the late John Murray, made conspicuously year after year, that he intended to publish a "New Biographia Britannica," not a very felicitous title. He carried out his intention no further than also to have a list of names drawn up. I once asked him why he did not go on with so much-needed a work. "I funked," was his concise and expressively idiomatic reply to my question. Meanwhile his standing announcement prevented at least one great London firm from undertaking a work of the kind. I remember being told by the late William Longman that if Mr. Murray abandoned the project it would probably be taken in hand by the firm of Longman. The publisher of the Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography gave up, for reasons unconnected with the London etiquette of "the trade," his intention of issuing a Dictionary of British Biography, and went no further with it than the preparation, already mentioned, of a list of names in letter A.

The Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography included notices of living persons. These notices were so manipulated as to preclude the necessity for a supplement containing biographies of the living persons who had been dealt with while the work was in progress, but who died before and after it was completed. The Dictionary was published in parts, the contents of which were brought up to date by additions to the sketches of living persons, and of those of them who died off from time to time. These explanations are needed to make intelligible some things in what follows. The notices which I wrote of living contemporaries were as far as possible politically and personally colourless, and contained facts, with little or nothing of comment. Of persons then alive, the names of many public men were assigned to me. When a proof reached me of any such notice of mine, I forwarded it to the person or personage concerned, and briefly requested a correction of any errors in matters of fact which he might observe. Among the personages of whom I thus wrote biographical notices were Mr. Gladstone, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the late Lord Beaconsfield, who was then Mr. Disraeli, and who not long before had ceased for the second time to be Chancellor of the Exchequer through the fall of the second administration of the Earl of Derby, father of the Lord Derby lately deceased. To the best of my recollection Mr. Gladstone did not return the proof, but in a few lines of courteous acknowledgment said that he would retain it "as a record," thus implying, as I understood him, that the sketch required no correction. Until very lately, when the preparation of these two chapters required an inspection of some of my contributions to it, and a comparison of them as they were first printed with what they sometimes became in consequence of additions and alterations, I had not for many years looked into the Dictionary. In one of its later editions, and a little to my surprise, I saw at the end of the notice of Mr. Gladstone not my initials, which were originally suffixed to it, but those of Mr. Robert Harrison, who, for many years chief librarian at the London Library, was employed by the publisher, after the printing of letter Z was finished, to revise the whole work and to keep it, as previously mentioned, up to date. An inspection of the sketch of Mr. Gladstone disclosed the fact that it contained all that I had chronicled of his career up to 1860, in which year it was written. Mr. Harrison had added a few years more of Mr. Gladstone's political biography to bring the sketch up to date, and he suffixed his initials as if he had been the writer of the whole article. I do not in the least make this statement by way of protest or complaint. Doubtless it would have been awkward to break up what was not a very long or elaborate article into two sections, with two sets of initials to denote their separate authorship. The sketch was a commonplace compilation, one neither to be proud of nor ashamed of. But if any idolator of Mr. Gladstone, desirous of seeing the biographical notice of

him which he kept "as a record," should turn to an edition of the Dictionary later than the first he might very naturally, without this explanation, draw from the initials "R. H." at the end of the article a conclusion which would be unjust to me.

After taxing my memory to the uttermost, I cannot now recollect whether, intentionally or not, I neglected to send the usual proof to Mr. Disraeli, or whether I did send one and, by some mischance, it failed to reach him. However this may have been, it was from headquarters that I first received the intimation that Mr. Disraeli had notified his discovery of mis-statements in my sketch of him. On learning this, I wrote to him to say that I pretended to no special knowledge of his career, that I had taken most of my purely biographical facts from previous notices of him, and that I should be happy to correct any errors which he would point out to have been committed by me. In reply to what he styled my "gentlemanlike letter," he asked me to call on him, naming a day and an hour for my visit. Very soon afterwards he wrote to me naming another day, excusing himself for the delay by saying that for that previously appointed he had received a summons to attend the King of the Belgians. On the newly appointed day and hour, I presented myself at Grosvenor Gate. After receiving me, Mr. Disraeli conducted me to what he called his "den," at the top of the house, a very plainly furnished room. The immediate subject of my visit having been briefly discussed, he promised me some autobiographical notes, and then the dialogue, if dialogue it can be called, became general. He talked to me on men and things political with great frankness, considering how much of a stranger I was to him. I remarked particularly that when he spoke of his Conservative colleagues and followers he always said "they," not "we," as if he regarded himself as with them, but not of them. "They," he said, were urging him to make an effort for restoration to office, but he had had enough of office with a majority against him in the House of Commons. He spoke cheerfully, however, of the existence of members of the Conservative party who had shown themselves, and hopefully of others who were to show themselves, possessed of the administrative ability required in office. The Peelites, the part played by whom in politics he compared to that of the Grenvilles of a former generation, were ceasing, he thought, to act as a compact and united body, and were being distributed among the two great parties in the State. Being myself from time to time engaged in journalism, I was naturally much struck by the remark that ever since he had been connected with "them," the Conservatives, he had pointed out to the party the great advantage which the Liberals had over them in possessing an "organised press." Of his chief rival, Mr. Gladstone, he spoke with what I thought to be generosity, calling him "a man of splendid abilities," adding, "but hampered by his Church *liaisons*," surely one of the happiest of expressions (Mr. Gladstone was at that time still a member for Oxford University). Towards the close of the conversation, *apropos* of something or other, I referred to an impression in the public mind that the diplomatic action of the late Conservative Government during the crisis which preceded the Italo-Austrian War of 1859 showed hostility to Italy. "*That*," said Disraeli, curtly, "was not borne out by the correspondence in the Blue Book," and the interview ended. He insisted on accompanying me to the door, and nothing could exceed his courtesy throughout.

Soon after this first interview, I duly received Disraeli's autobiographical and autograph notes. I found that they corrected only two errors of fact in my notice of him. One of these errors regarded the name of the firm of solicitors to whom he had been articled. The other was my statement that he had "conducted" the once-famous *Representative*, but this was an error universally prevalent at the time, and not extinguished until years after Disraeli's death, when much of the correspondence relating to the second John Murray's solitary and disastrous newspaper venture was published in Dr. Smiles's history of the House of Murray, 'A Publisher and his Friends.' Of Disraeli in the solicitor's office, and of the story of the *Representative*, more in my next and concluding chapter. Most of Disraeli's notes dealt with his earlier years. Among the exceptions were two just worth noticing, both of them more or less statements of fact. The first was one unknown to any of his former biographers, namely, that in his second candidature for High Wycombe in 1835, he was supported by Sir Robert Peel, a disclosure which one would have hardly expected from him who made it. The other was that his becoming both Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons, without having previously held office, was a two-fold event which had never happened before, except in the case of Mr. Pitt during Lord Shelburne's administration of 1782-3. Some of the autobiographical notes relating to his earlier years were extremely curious and interesting, but further references to them must also be held over to another chapter. Φ

MAARTEN MAARTENS.

A SONNET which Mr. Maarten Maartens published in *Temple Bar* recalls by coincidence in subject Blanco White's famous poem on Night and Death, almost the only previous instance of important work in English done by a foreigner. Poetry is the common tongue of all nations, and if Mr. Maartens were writing poetry alone, criticism would not be tempted to look for racial peculiarities in him. The wonder is, that in novels which cover so wide a range of subjects, and which express so explicitly so many of the author's views, there should be nothing to show that he is not an Englishman writing of Dutch life from an intimate knowledge. A German, a Russian, a Frenchman has something to distinguish him even in a foreign tongue; Heine's French writings are German in sentiment; Antony Hamilton wrote French adorably, but wrote it with a brogue. Mr. Maartens, whether he is grave or gay, humorous or bitter, is grave, gay, humorous, and bitter in a fashion not to be distinguished from our own. This is all the odder, because he has a distinct foreign turn in his phrases, hardly perceptible in narration, but marked in his too frequent digressions. One seems to be reading the best translation ever made, till there occurs a passage like this, which by no possibility could be a translation :—

"Sweet vice was sitting on a rustic bench in the woods, lost among the soft shadows of the summer night. She was dreaming of all things strangely and wildly lovely, of things that are not, except in her fierce fancy or her sorrowful regret, and the reality of ruin and shame, of rags and famine, stood behind her—out of sight."

That is poetry, of course, and not an example of the pedestrian style of these books, which is direct and unadorned. But it is notable about Mr. Maartens that he can write real poetry in real prose; witness the early chapters of 'God's Fool,' which are never rhetorical, as Victor Hugo is apt to be, to whose creations Elias Lossel seems akin; nor do they ever degenerate into rhythm, like so much of what is popularly called poetic prose.

One might describe Mr. Maartens as a poet by nature, a satirist by force of circumstance. He is a poet when he writes of what he loves; not the qualities which fascinate, wit, beauty, and grace, though these he can appreciate; he is in love with generosity, self-surrender, and the worship of an idea. Dorothy Donselaar, Tante Suze, Elias Lossel, are the people his heart goes out to, and of these he writes his best. But there is another set of characters contrasted with these; Donselaar and his elder son, young Hendrik Lossel, in a word, all the best society of Koopstad; and all these people are treated with satire which is not humorous, but bitter. Mr. Maartens is not always bitter; Tante Barsellius in the 'Old Maid's Love' is really humorous. But once we come to the merchants of Koopstad and their wives, he is out of all charity with his characters, and writes like a man with a vengeance to take. He is angry with the Donselaars and with Hendrik, not for their avarice but for their self-sufficiency; for their stolid refusal to recognise any prestige but that which wealth procures, or any virtues that can outweigh the commercial excellences of punctuality, caution, and method. He has more tolerance for the rogue Alers than for Hendrik. It is an old story. How often and how impotently has satire broken upon the rounded arrogance of a purse. Cannot Mr. Maartens be content without the approval of Koopstad? His resentment of low aims and narrow minds belongs to a generous nature, but it has something spleenful in it; which is the less pleasant, because one reflects that here is a man of exceptional talent, it may be of genius, who deserts his native tongue to enrich another literature; and who writes for foreigners about his own country not without affection, not without sympathy, but sometimes with petulance and a kind of angry contempt. Such passages spoil the enjoyment of a reader who likes to be in sympathy with his author. However, Dutchmen should forgive much to Mr. Maartens, were it only for the sake of Dorothy Donselaar.

His work shows a steady progress and increased mastery of great resources. The first of his three novels, 'The Sin of Joost Avelingh,' was hardly an attractive book; but it told a story, which suggested deep thought; and it is precisely this intellectual quality which gives to Mr. Maartens high rank as a novelist.

Joost Avelingh is ward and heir to an uncle who is tyrannical, and whom he believes to be malignant. The last of many quarrels occurs, when Joost announces that he is the accepted love of Agatha van Hessel; the last, for the uncle, driving to a notary's office to disinherit his nephew, falls forward in a fit, and Joost, though a medical student, does not take the measures which might or might not have saved life. Joost inherits, marries, and is not happy by reason of an uneasy conscience, which he strives to still by charity. Suddenly ten years later he is accused of having murdered his uncle, and is condemned on false evidence. When the world turns on him, the pressure of public opinion does what conscience could not do, and he reaches a sense of sin. As suddenly he is released, reinstated and caught up by a recoil of popular feeling to the States-general of his country, and the work of repentance is checked. But in the moment of success his wife is struck down with insanity; there is no appeal now to the world, and before his God the man condemns himself and begins by confessing to his wife. Then he renounces his property and his position to those who will misuse them, because he holds them by a false title, and departs from society, an outcast at peace with himself. None of the characters are the same as at the beginning of the book; they have grown before our eyes; and of how few books can this be said? Yet its successor, the 'Old Maid's Love,' marked a great advance. Here again the story rests upon a strong idea. Tante Suze, the old maid, is a Dutch lady who refused to marry the man she loved because he had relations with another woman; when the child of this unlawful union was left an orphan, she took the boy Arnout Oostrum and bred him in a narrow puritanical way, but gave him all her heart. Accident brought into her house a beautiful Frenchwoman, and Tante Suze grew from jealousy into hate and dread till finally she attempted to save Arnout's soul by poisoning her guest; but only succeeded in driving her boy into the Countess's arms. Then, however, constant to her principle, she ruined herself in an effort to make Arnout marry the woman to whom he had given his virginity; although in truth he loved Dorothy Donselaar, who loved him. How Tante Suze's efforts failed, and how Arnout justified his education by refusing ill-gotten wealth, is told in this charming story—unlike the others in being a love story. Yet here, too, the interest turns on the development of characters rather than on their adventures; and the conduct of the plot leaves much open to objection. The tale rests on a scaffolding of unrealities. We cannot allow that Tante Suze would have tried to poison her guest; and Mr. Maartens makes bad worse by reasoning all through the third volume to prove that she could have done so, forgetting that we want to see his puppets play, and not to be reminded that they are puppets. The worst scene in the book is the poisoning; the best perhaps the one which follows it, where the lame pastor, Jakob, comes shamefacedly and with reluctance to condole, and succeeds in the task of consolation by evoking pity—for himself.

It is, however, by 'God's Fool' that Mr. Maartens would doubtless wish to be judged. The book is unique probably, for its central figure, Elias Lossel, is deaf and blind—cut off almost from intercourse with the outer world; not, of course, since birth; he was ten years old when his stepbrother Hubert pushed down a flower-pot on his head; deafness came first; then, but gradually and in successive waves, darkness swept over him, as is described in wonderful

chapters. So he became God's Fool, and grew up into a man tall and beautiful, but ignorant of all, save what his nurse Johanna could tell him by signing the dumb alphabet on his cheek; and even so, because his brain could bear no effort, he had to be left a child in intellect, not knowing even death. The perceptive intellect was atrophied, having nothing to work upon; but the moral faculty, which cannot be torpid, unless it is drugged, developed in the vacuum. That is, on one side, the main interest; it is a high poetry informed with a very original philosophy of man's nature. But hand in hand with it runs a satire upon the vanity of riches. The Fool who can understand no use for money, except to give it away, is the head of Volderdoes Zonen, the great firm managed by his twin-brothers Hendrik and Hubert. And beside all the people who are debasing themselves to get wealth, Hendrik for social position, Cornelia his wife for display, Alers for sensual enjoyment, Elias assumes the calm proportions of a hero. One might say the first book, illustrated by a story, What makes Sin? the second, What makes Love? and the third, What makes a Fool? The drama pivots upon Hubert, who has grown up under the shadow of the early un-meant wrong done to Elias. He resolves, and forces his twin-brother Hendrik to resolve, that the Fool's wealth shall be a sacred thing to them; he interferes to check misappropriation; fails and goes mad with indignation and slays Hendrik. Then, by a fine irony, he who was the champion avenging Elias becomes once more his wronger, and allows the accusation of blood-guiltiness to be thrown on Elias, who, like the fool he is, knowingly accepts shame and incarceration.

Even so bald a statement may give some idea of the book's originality and power. But Mr. Maartens has better work to do yet. First, he has to overcome the difficulties of structure. For instance, in the end of this book he wants to show the effect produced by the sudden sense of guilt on the mind of Elias, when in anger at a blow he attacks and, as he thinks, kills Hendrik, though really he attacked a corpse. Yet, incredible though it appears, Mr. Maartens chooses this moment to bewilder us. Suspicion is thrown upon Alers; and when the reader's attention should be riveted upon the transformation which Elias undergoes, he is struggling to disentangle the series of events, a problem which not one person in ten would master at the first reading. Narrative had better be tame than obscure; and the worst way of relating events is to make a character recount them in soliloquy, as Hubert is made to do in the last chapter of 'God's Fool.' Secondly, and this defect pervades his whole work, Mr. Maartens carries a weight of digressions which Thackeray could hardly support, and when he digresses he puns. There is an atrocious example when Mr. Maartens stops to explain how he knew Elias in the flesh and was convinced by the blind man's eyes that the world was not merely a gigantic cell or sell! The digression is an error of judgment, the pun is an error of taste. The tendency to digress arises from a bad habit of mistrusting his readers, and is akin to a trick of underlining points by unnecessary words or full stops. Which is annoying. Emphasis, by the bye, attributes inattention or stupidity to the reader.

But all the defects of Mr. Maartens are technical and corrigible. He has humour and an excellent style, can tell a story, has a firm grip of his characters, and always has something worth hearing to say. And above all he has imagination and a love of the beauty that endures.

S. L. Gwynn.

MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

An Interview.

MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, who is spending a few months in London, has kindly granted an interview to a representative of the Bookman.

"It was the afternoon of the Royal Wedding day when I called on Mrs. Moulton," writes our representative, "but no echo of the rejoicings reached her quiet drawing-room in Weymouth Street, Portland Place. Harley Street and Wimpole Street kept soberly aloof from the festivities, but

Yours Sincerely — Louise Chandler Moulton.

Weymouth Street was more silent and decorous than any No one had ventured to hang out a flag; lamps, stars, and mottoes would have seemed absurdly frivolous. The few people in sight walked slowly and softly, as if the gravity of the neighbourhood weighed on their spirits. Looking from her windows, Mrs. Moulton may well have imagined that we Londoners take our pleasures seriously.

Our conversation turned first to Mrs. Moulton's early life and to the favourite authors of her childhood. "From my earliest days," she said, "my world was peopled with imaginary playmates. I had no companion of my own age, and my dream-children were very dear to me. One, who suffered from consumption, was taken south and died. If she had been a sister I could hardly have mourned her more bitterly. At one time I had a whole circle of these imaginary friends.

"I began to write verses and stories longer ago than I can remember. The books I first read were of a strictly

religious kind. As a little girl I read Josephus, Fox's 'Book of Martyrs,' and the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' My range was limited, as fiction was not considered suitable for a child's library, and poetry was allowed only in careful selections. The first poets I read were Young and Milton. I remember well with what pleasure I received a beautifully bound copy of Mrs. Hemans on my eighth birthday. I used to commit her poems to memory, and repeat them aloud whenever I was alone."

"Do you think Mrs. Hemans will regain her popularity?"

"I should think it most unlikely," Mrs. Moulton answered, "but I shall never forget the pleasure she gave me as a child. I was scarcely in my teens when I read Browning's 'Men and Women.' I had the great privilege of the intimate friendship of Longfellow and Whittier, and I knew well Lowell, Holmes, and most other poets and writers of the time. When Longfellow visited me he used often to bring the manuscripts of unpublished poems, read them aloud, and ask how I liked them."

"What was your own first poem, Mrs. Moulton?"

"A little thing called 'Getting the Latin Lesson,' which I sent to the county paper. I used to look eagerly down its columns as I walked home from school, and you may think how delighted I was when I saw my poem in print. Since then I have written for nearly every American magazine of any consequence. My first volume of poems, published in England under the title of 'Swallow Flights,' was received with a kindness for which I shall always be grateful. I was a little anxious at first, for I had heard a whisper that English critics were not always friendly to America. A friend wished to review it in the *Examiner*. Professor Minto, the editor, said, however, that he would prefer to review the book himself. When the next number of the *Examiner* came out, I found nearly two pages of appreciation, so kind, so generous, so far beyond what I had expected, that I was infinitely grateful, and I cannot say how much I value the personal kindliness I have received from English authors and critics."

I asked Mrs. Moulton's opinion of contemporary American fiction.

"I do not think," she said, "that any living novelist has taken the place of Hawthorne. To my mind 'The Scarlet Letter' is the greatest work of fiction ever produced in America."

Mrs. Moulton showed me a new full-length photograph of her friend, Miss Mary E. Wilkins. "The peculiar charm of Miss Wilkins's books is owing partly to the fact that she has lived in the midst of her characters. Although she goes a good deal into Boston society, her home is in the little village of Randolph, Mass. She has no near relatives, but shares her home with a friend. The whole life of New England, earnest, self-contained and passionate, finds expression in her books."

Mrs. Moulton spoke in warm praise of the work of Mr. Arlo Bates, Mr. T. Russell Sullivan, Mrs. Anna Eichberg King, author of 'Brown's Retreat,' and other American writers of the day. She also turned with interest to speak of modern English poets.

"Much as I delight in Tennyson, Swinburne, and Rossetti," she said, "none of them makes so intimate and strenuous an appeal to me as Browning. He seems to touch the deepest springs of human nature. For fifteen years I had the pleasure of Mr. Browning's acquaintance, and he showed the most generous appreciation of my work. In social qualities he much resembled our own Dr. Holmes. He was full of geniality, and was at his best in society. I have often wondered how people can complain of Browning's obscurity. As a child, I used to put marks at difficult passages in Emerson, thinking that, if ever I knew the author, I would ask an explanation. When, in after years, I became acquainted with Emerson, I went back to the book, and found that the difficult passages were all clear. So with Browning. If ever he puzzled me as a girlish reader, long before I met him in England time and experience had explained him to me. Among English novelists, I am devoted to Meredith and Hardy." Mrs. Moulton would not say to which of these her warmest admiration is given. Among rising poets she named especially Mr. William Watson, Mr. W. B. Yeats, and Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, but added that, "with all its distinction and intellectual power, Mr. Watson's poetry seems to lack the note of human passion."

Besides poems, essays, and some eight or ten volumes of stories, Mrs. Moulton's literary work includes many reviews contributed to the American papers, especially to the *New York Tribune* and the *Boston Herald*. Her English admirers will be glad to hear that she has a new book of poems nearly ready, as well as a volume of essays, to be called 'Chats about Books and their Authors.' She has also prepared a travel-book with the fascinating title, 'A Lazy Tour in Spain, and other Lazy Tours.' *Apropos* of this title, Mrs. Moulton confesses herself a confirmed idler, and agrees with the Country Parson, that however easy and pleasant it may be to write, it is always easier and pleasanter not to write. She does not believe that literary excellence begins when monetary anxiety ceases. On the contrary, she is inclined to agree with Lord Rosebery, that "half the best literature of the world has been produced by duns." For herself, she finds that London, on a warm July day, offers no temptation to literary production, and so she lets the time pass carelessly, as they did in the "golden world."

EDITOR *versus* CONTRIBUTOR.

FROM A CONTRIBUTOR'S POINT OF VIEW.

"An Editor" certainly states his view of the question clearly and fairly, but all editors, alas, are not so considerate in their dealings with new authors as he appears to be, nor, I trust, are the majority of outside contributors as inconsiderate as those he mentions. For four years I have been an outside contributor. At the outset I did not not know a single person in the literary world, and my only chance of making headway was by sending unsolicited contributions to the various publications. Of course, I bought experience dearly, but although I have been swindled by some editors and treated far from fairly by others, I am glad to say that I have made the acquaintance of several well and honourably known ones from whom I have always received excellent treatment. Two or three of them have kindly given me encouragement and advice for which I have felt exceedingly

grateful, especially as the advice has been invariably followed with advantage to myself. I have always thanked them for their kindness, and cannot conceive how any young contributor could be anything but pleased at receiving advice from men of experience.

"An Editor" mentions three things which, he claims, he and other editors have a right to expect of a would-be contributor, and the first is that he should make himself acquainted with the character and purpose of a periodical before sending MSS. to it. That is certainly fair enough, and the author who neglects to do so can scarcely be alive to his own interests, considering that the forwarding and returning of unsuitable MSS. is not only a waste of time, but causes an unnecessary expenditure of money.

That the "notices to contributors" should be read is also a fact which cannot be disputed, for the contributor who omits to do so is liable to lose a large proportion of his stock of MSS. But I maintain that these notices do not give sufficient information, and I would like to see it stated whether or not contributions would be paid for. Some months ago I forwarded an article to a well-known review, and a week or two later received a reply from the editor informing me that he would publish it in the next number if I were willing to contribute it without payment. As I had received £1 a page for an article on the same subject contributed to another review, I declined to agree to his request, and my MS., for which I had enclosed a stamped and addressed envelope, was returned to me in a half-penny wrapper. About the same time the editor of a sixpenny weekly paper wrote to me asking me to contribute an article on a subject which I had brought to the notice of the public in another paper. Nothing, however, was said in the letter about payment, so I wrote expressing my willingness to contribute the article, and asking what the remuneration would be. Three days later the editor replied that he greatly regretted to find that he had now no room for my article. Fortunately I was soon able to dispose of it elsewhere.

The editor of a penny religious weekly showed himself desirous of carrying on his paper with as little expenditure as possible. He advertised for contributions, and I sent him some MSS. In due course I received a letter from him in which he said, "I should be pleased to insert the MSS., and could mention your name in connection therewith, but could not pay you for same. . . . I emphasize the payment so that there shall be no misunderstanding." I promptly declined to part with my MSS. on such terms, and suggested to the editor that when next he advertised for contributions he should state that no payment would be made for them.

At the invitation of the editor of a sixpenny journal I forwarded an article, which was immediately accepted and paid for. With the cheque was the request that I would send in some more articles. I did so, but although that was in October last I have not yet received payment for them, and, so far as I can see, there is little probability of my ever doing so. It is evidently the custom of some unprincipled editors to pay well and promptly for the first contribution and endeavour to obtain the others for little or nothing.

In reply to an advertisement in the *Athenæum* I sent a tale to the editor of a paper which has a very large circulation, and received a cheque for £12 in payment. I then forwarded another tale of the same length, for which I was offered £7. I hesitated about accepting this amount, but, thinking that perhaps this story was less interesting than the other, I finally took it. A few months later I sent in another story. It was the same length as the others, but £5 was all that I was offered for it. It was my first year as a writer, and circumstances would not permit of my refusing the money, but I vowed never again to send a story to that editor.

I could mention several other cases of the strange conduct of editors, but one will suffice. I sent two articles to the editor of a weekly magazine which has an enormous circulation, but they were declined. Soon after, they were accepted and published in a London daily paper, and the editor who had previously refused them then reprinted them in his journal.

There is one other just grievance which, I think, contributors have against some editors, and that is the careless way in which they treat our rejected contributions. A short time ago a lengthy MS. was returned to me with several pages smothered with violet ink. No doubt it was an accident on the part of the editor, but I think that he might have made some apology considering that it was a day's work to rewrite those pages. Coffee stains on my MSS. I have long since ceased to be annoyed at, but I confess that when I discovered a lump of butter squashed between the pages of an otherwise clean MS., I was very disgusted indeed. I was considerably exercised in my mind, too, as to whether the editor meant that piece of butter as a gentle intimation of the quarter in which I could most profitably dispose of the MS. However, the article has since appeared in a highly respectable periodical.

Another editor to whom I occasionally offer contributions has an annoying habit of scribbling certain numbers in red pencil on the first sheet of the MS. The last time I sent him a MS. I attached a blank sheet to the front of it for him to write on, but he evidently objected to spoil a plain sheet of paper, for when my MS. came back to me I found that the first page written on bore in the centre the editor's large red figures.

Now I have mentioned all my grievances against editors; and I trust sincerely that what I have said will not be considered "unreasonable abuse," either by the writer of the July article or by any other editor, for I fully recognise the fact that the constant grumbling and growling over imaginary wrongs in which some outside contributors indulge is more likely to do us harm than good. If we have a grievance, real or imaginary, against an editor, we can refrain from sending him any more of our work, but there is surely no necessity for us to be so foolish as to be eternally declaring from the housetops that all editors are our oppressors. An outside contributor's lot is not, I admit, the happiest of lots, and few professions are so full of disappointment, but most of us, I suppose, hope to obtain, sooner or later, a good position on the staff of some paper. Probably many of us aspire to be editors, and if our ambition should perchance be gratified, we may discover that the editor has also his just grievances. In the meantime let us work as harmoniously as we can with the editors from whom we obtain our daily bread, and if we should by any chance have a dispute with them, let us always endeavour to settle it amicably.

NEW BOOKS.

'THE STICKIT MINISTER AND SOME COMMON MEN.'*

Mr. Crockett comes after Mr. Barrie; but did not Galt come after Scott? And though these two writers dealt largely with similar material, no one could call the author of 'The Provost' a mere imitator of the author of 'The Antiquary.' Galt's is, no doubt, by far the lesser literary personality; yet a distinct personality it remains. Let us, therefore, guard against the error of disposing of Mr. Crockett's claims as of those of an imitator of the 'Window in Thrums.' Roughly speaking, the form and the subject-matter in the two volumes is the same; but it would be easy even now to indicate points of divergence in the treatment, whilst the probability is that in future books Mr. Crockett's literary individuality will stand yet more distinctly revealed. We insist on this point, for we are of those who value very highly any literary work which is of an exclusively "derivative" character. And we speak with confidence of future books by the same author because the Scottish Ministry and the ancient province of Galloway are alike rich in racy types as yet unexploited, and because the success of his first essay—which has already reached a second edition—will undoubtedly stimulate Mr. Crockett to further efforts.

The 'Stickit Minister' contains some five-and twenty tales and sketches, the subjects of which are drawn from ministerial, and in a few cases from humble, life. All are vigorously written; indeed, where fault is to be found it is rather on the ground that restraint than that force is wanting. For instance, that blow from a poker which falls on a boy's head in "Duncan Duncanson"; that incident with the powder-flask in "The Split in the Marrow Kirk"—do they not savour somewhat too strongly of Mr. Kipling's manner to be perfectly in place among quiet tales of a Scottish parish? At times, too, the author's pathos seems to us overcharged. The story of "The Heather Lintie" is an instance. Here the climax—in which a girl is made to die opportunely just in time to preserve from destruction the fool's paradise in which she has lived—approaches the false sublime. Again, one or two of the author's characters incline to carry the martyr's temper somewhat too far for perfect sympathy. They *will* be martyrs; none shall say them nay. Perhaps this is a trait which has been transmitted to them from Covenanting forbears. For example, self-sacrifice in a good cause is noble; but what good purpose does the Stickit Minister serve in allowing misrepresentation to go unchecked? A simple denial would have saved the saintly and lovable Hugh Hamilton from becoming an outcast from among men, "accepted of the beasts"; for certainly his word was as good as that of a light woman. But that denial remains unspoken. And all this that we may have something to weep over. It is a mistake—but a mistake, we are convinced, arising simply from insufficient confidence on the part of the author, and from that restlessness as to the effect produced which this is apt to beget. In his next book let Mr. Crockett tell his plain tale with no thought in his head but to get it told. Then he will find that the pathos, of which we cannot doubt that he has ample command, will come of itself. And now we have dwelt on every fault which a diligent search has seemed to bring to light. For the humorous pieces in the volume we have nought but praise, and rarely good they are. In these the author seems surer of himself; he takes less trouble, and the laughter comes, wholesome, hearty, and spontaneous. "The Probationer" is the very plainest of tales—in truth it is no tale at all—but it is excellent. "John Smith of Arkland prepares his Sermon" rises to a height of sweet and noble humour. "The Lammas Preaching," "A Day in the Life of the Reverend James Pitbye," "The Glen Kells Short Leet," every tale in which Saunders M'Quhoir makes his appearance—all these are gems of kindly fun. As regards the said Saunders, we hereby memorialise his creator that we desire to see and to know more of him. He is worthy to stand beside the character which to our thinking is the best in the whole of 'The Little Minister'—that of the farmer, Wester Lunny. The Scots in this book is excellent. It seems to have been written naturally, without effort, as by one to the manner born, but one who has an ear for the fall of sentence, and an instinct for word and phrase. No doubt that many of the sentiments and expressions have been gathered up as they dropped from the lips of the people. This, for instance, relating to the family of the Sage of Chelsea, seems to bear upon it the stamp of authenticity. Says Saunders, "I used to think Jeems Carlyle the only yin o' the Carlyles that had come to ony guid (an' deed there were few better sheep in Dumfries market on Wednesdays than Jeems Carlyle's); but oor minister, wi' the help o' the Almichty an' some buiks o' Tammas Carlyle, thrawn stick as he was, hae garred anither thrawn stick o' a farmer body lift his een abune the nowt an' the shairn." Against the transference of an incident in the life of Willie Nicholson, the strolling poet, genius, and ne'er-do-weel, to the life of Hugh Davidson we must, however, enter a protest. Though due acknowledgment is made by the author, the incident suffers in the transference. Besides, Mr. Crockett has fertility enough to depend upon his own unaided resources. And to the next results of that fertility we look forward with a warm interest which is by no means wholly free from impatience.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

* 'The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men.' By S. R. Crockett. (Unwin.)

THE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM BLAKE.*

The attitude of Blake's editors towards his text and his thought has long been a cause of blaspheming to the few earnest students of his work. These editors appear to hold him to have had so much either of the spoilt child or of the crazy enthusiast in him, that it was their veritable duty to improve his text and warn the unwary not to take his deepest convictions seriously. At first the "improvement" and warning alike were intelligible, and perhaps excusable, for the first editors, Messrs. Dante Gabriel and William Rossetti, had to introduce him for the first time to a public which hates the unusual and the obscure with a bitter personal hatred based largely upon the notion that he who is either unusual or obscure claims to be more distinguished in some way than it is itself, perhaps even to have senses and faculties which it does not possess. The public loves writers that are magnified reflections of itself, but abhors all who claim to belong to some special community, some special cult, some special tribe which is not of its kin. What wonder, then, that Blake's first editors said in substance to their readers, "Do tolerate this strange friend of ours; he is really very nice, though he does talk nonsense at times about inspiration and about seeing visions, and that kind of thing. If you will be civil to him we will smooth his hair, and put him into a coat as like your own as possible, and hide quite out of sight his own outlandish one." It is, however, wonderful and again wonderful, and no less inexcusable than wonderful, that any later editor should accept this dressed and brushed Blake for the real man, and do this without any word about the men who did the brushing and the tailoring, or without even mention that such a thing had been done. Yet Mr. Dante Rossetti was frank enough. In printing from Blake's MS. he found it necessary, he said, "to omit, transpose, or combine" in order to lessen "obscurity" or to "avoid redundance." He also made many corrections of metre and grammar in poems which had been printed before, and avowed doing so, and against this little can be said, for the originals were in print and posterity could judge. Nor would even his doctoring of the poems from MS. have been a very serious falsification had he but taken care to preserve the originals from the vicissitudes of an already fading manuscript. He was wise in his generation, and to his wisdom perhaps Blake owes something of his popularity.

But what excuse can be offered for a publisher, for I do Mr. Housman the credit of supposing that publishers' reasons prevailed over the dictates of scholarship, who, months after the correct text has been printed in 'The

* 'The Writings of William Blake.' Parchment Library. (Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.)

Works of William Blake' (B. Quaritch), re-issues the old doctored text not only without a word of explanation or excuse, but without a single sentence to warn the reader that this is not Blake's own text? Would that the fiery mystic who taught that "The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction," could shake the dust of Blundel Fields from his old bones, and, dropping in upon editor and publishers, explain in person that "improvement makes straight roads, but the crooked roads without improvement are roads of genius."

Mr. Housman's book is only a book of selections, and some among the most "improved" verses are therefore left out, but certainly enough of them are included in all conscience. A comparison of "Broken Love," to use the misleading title which Mr. Housman adopts from Gilchrist, as given here with Blake's own manuscript, shows not only that there are five stanzas of great importance left out without a word, but that certain other stanzas which Blake put separately, with no clue to their proper place are inserted at the places chosen by Mr. Rossetti, and that the remaining stanzas are put into an order not Blake's. The version of "The Grey Monk" is quite as arbitrary, for Mr. Housman has simply reprinted Rossetti's text in which Blake's second stanza is made the third, his third the fourth, his fourth the fifth, his fifth the seventh, his seventh the ninth, and in which one whole stanza of his, the ninth, is left out altogether, and a stanza which he wrote for a different poem imported to go second. Then, too, Mr. Housman reproduces Mr. W. M. Rossetti's version of "The Garden of Love" in all its formlessness, and has not a word to tell us that the first two stanzas were never printed by Blake in any known copy of "The Songs of Experience," but left in manuscript and as an entirely different poem. Again, we have "The Vision of the Last Judgment" in the arbitrary order and incomplete form in which it appears in Gilchrist's 'Life of Blake.' And all the while there is not a single word to show that the editor is even aware that he is uttering other people's false coin.

I turn from the text to the introduction, and I find it equally typical of the kind of thing which has been accepted these last twenty years for Blake scholarship. It is fairly well written, it is highly intelligent, and it is now and then eloquent, but besides one or two old errors of no great importance, such as the statement that the Peckham Rye vision was Blake's first, and one new error, the statement that "The Island of the Moon" has hitherto remained wholly in manuscript—it treats "the prophetic books" with the amused patronage, and dismisses them with the shallow remark about their formlessness, which we all know so well, and chatters about their unintelligibility. "They are too large and too sad a ground to be searched for any sound result," Mr. Housman explains; though how "sadness" and "largeness" can cause obscurity is a statement more obscure to my ears than anything in "the prophetic books" themselves. "It matters little," however he assures us, "whether the meaning can ever be wrung out that is there; the process must always be unlovely and partial and artificial in its results," though he omits to tell us how he can possibly know until he has given the books a much deeper study than this introduction gives evidence of. A man has a perfect right, even before he has read them, to think "the prophetic books" nonsense, but if he think this, then let him, in the name of the nine gods, keep from editing Blake; or if an importunate publisher or his own enthusiasm for song or picture drive him on to do so, let him, having apologised for his lack of knowledge, write with all diffidence upon even the painter and the poet, and keep from commenting at all upon the mystic. Even if he have read 'the prophetic books,' and have no sympathy for mysticism of any kind, he should turn aside from all comment upon them, or confine himself to those moments in which, in Mr. Housman's words, "clear fury of temperament" and several other strange things comes through "in some recall of lyric thought, when prophecy is relinquished and the decorative hand with its sense of gold restored."

Blake was a great poet and a great painter, but he was a great mystic also, and cast his mysticism into a form which, however chaotic when compared with his lyrics and his painting, was in every way more beautiful than the form chosen by Swedenborg or Boehme. It was even less chaotic in many ways than the 'Mysterium Magnum' and 'Aurora.' And what would we think of an editor who had no more to say of Swedenborg or of Boehme than that their literary style was objectionable?

I say these hard things about Mr. Housman's 'Blake' with deep regret, for I have the most profound respect, or rather admiration, for his work as a book illustrator, and would gladly have left him alone were it not necessary for the sake of the great causes of poetic mysticism and of good scholarship to speak the truth about the way Blake has been treated by his editors. Mr. Housman is less to blame than the tradition, and would be ashamed, if left to his own devices, to dismiss in a few patronising words books which he has never pretended to understand, and probably never read more than a few lines of, and to reprint an "improved" text without warning or explanation. I have done my best to put the tradition in the pillory, and would let him go free. It is time that Blake should cease to be a theme of endless eloquence without knowledge, and for the board, with the inscription "fine sentences may be shot here," to be taken down from the doorway to his House Beautiful.

W. B. Yeats.

THE SECRET COMMONWEALTH OF ELVES, FAUNS, AND FAIRIES.*

Kirk's tract is more valuable than half-a-dozen modern and learned treatises on Scottish folk-lore. By some secret power of its own, the proof whereof is in the reading of it, we are conveyed back in a flash two hundred years, instead of toiling there painfully step by step. Kirk speaks not only as a believer but as a close observer and a speculator, and the conjunction of the two points of view is exceedingly rare. His belief was implicit, but the philosophical and scientific spirit was particularly strong in him, and led him not to set down merely, or chiefly, the popular stories of elves and faries and bogies of his time and neighbourhood, but to be mostly concerned with the rumours and speculations on their nature, their habits, their commonwealth, and on the state of mind of those to whom they are wont to reveal themselves.

Mr. Lang gives us Kirk's history so far as it is known. He was a Scottish minister, transferred from Balquhidder to Aberfoyle in 1685. He lived in troublous times, but probably very peacefully, for theological controversy did not run high in Aberfoyle. Some of his biblical conjectures savour of free and independent interpretation. The points of interest known about him are, that he was his father's seventh son—a notable fact—that Faërie was as real to him as his own parish; and there is some reason for thinking he went there when he left this world. Not that he thought the fairy commonwealth beyond controversy. He engages in controversy with my Lord Tarbutt in this very pamphlet. But it is controversy on the superstructure, not on the primary basis of fact that we share this world with the Sleagh Maith, the good people, whom he conjectures to be of "a middle nature betwixt man and angel," "somewhat of the nature of a condensed cloud and best seen in the twilight."

In Kirk's pamphlet there is an attractiveness of the rarest kind. Among any of the Celtic populations to-day it would be easy enough to find belief in the 'secret commonwealth' as implicit as his. Only modern scepticism would have touched it so far as to have taken from it its naïveté. It would be ashamed and would hide itself except from the most sympathetic eyes. In more sophisticated circles a longing or a pretension to believe in the supernatural, which is more than half humbug, is the prevailing note of our age, as a superior unbelief was the note of yesterday. Kirk has simply no prejudices. He is willing to reject, evidently, but the evidence that satisfies him he states with calm assurance. It is impossible to doubt his good faith. His statements and theories are too incomplete for him to have been much of a student of books on the subject. He has lived amongst his

* 'The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns, and Fairies.' By Robert Kirk, minister of Aberfoyle, 1691. The Comment by Andrew Lang. Bibliotheque de Carabas. Vol. VIII. (Nutt.)

evidence. He has none of the specious definiteness and completeness of the inventor; on some points his information is of the scantiest; on other things he has not made up his mind. But where he has personal experience or first-hand evidence he speaks to the point. And many of his statements, of course, tally with beliefs in other Celtic countries and elsewhere.

Kirk's dealings with the Fairies, or with those who knew them intimately, have led him to think that they are more ready to do hurt than good. They are sad well nigh continuously, perhaps "because of their pendulous State," for, of course, being fallen angels they live in extreme anxiety as to their ultimate salvation. "They live much longer than we; yet die at last, or [at] least vanish from their State." They "dwindle and decay." Perhaps like the Small People of Cornwall, not good enough for heaven, or bad enough for hell, they grow smaller and smaller till they disappear. Like their cousins elsewhere, they go whistling over the moorland "like unlukie birds"; the golden plover or whistler is still in many parts an omen of death. According to Kirk, fairy "Apparell and Speech is like that of the People and Country under which they live." The traditional Scottish fairy of one's childhood, not of story books, was green. Kirk saw them in tartan evidently, "Plaids and variegated Garments." In North Wales they wear a blue petticoat, which bears out Kirk's observation. "They remove to other Lodgings at the Beginning of each Quarter of the Year." Indeed, he speaks of this as if it were more than the periodical fairy high days, than the February, May, and Midsummer revels, and All Hallow Eve when they feast with the souls of the dead, but as if he meant their flittings to be understood as the wanderings of doomed spirits. His description of their houses, the Daoine Shi, gives Mr. Lang an opportunity of criticising the ingenious theory of the origin of the fairies which has been put into its latest and most systematic form by Macritchie, though the idea of fairy tradition being but the memories of an early earthly race is, of course, an old and wide-spread one. Mr. Lang strikes the right note here. He does not contemptuously dismiss Macritchie's Finn theory; he concedes that "some memory of an earlier race, a shy and fugitive people who used weapons of stone, may very conceivably play its part in the fairy legend, but that fairy legend is a complex matter, and most of it is due to a survival of the pre-Christian Hades, and to the belief in local spirits . . . old imaginings of a world not yet 'dispeopled of its dreams.'"

The uncanny doings of brownies and fairies, though they are but slightly touched on by Kirk, suggests to Mr. Lang's modern mind the spiritual séances of the present day, and he presents an excellent hint to the promoters of psychical research. His comparison of ancient and modern spirit manifestations is amusing, but such comparisons always tend to reveal the vulgarization of modern spirits.

Kirk has a good deal to say about Wraiths and Doubles and other such eerie appearances, and there is a certain novelty in his explanation of the latter; but perhaps no part of his tract is fuller of interest than the part where he discourses of Second Sight. He is very insistent on its harmlessness. Those "endowed with this Rarity," after all, cannot help it, and are for the most part "candid, honest, and sociable people." Sociability is not generally credited to Seers. He will have it, too, that they are seldom women, and that when they are, their prognostications are more uncertain. This is a distinct bit of personal evidence. Yet, probably under protest, his finest description of such a gifted person is that of a woman. "It was told by them of the House, as well as her selfe, that she tooke verie little or no Food for severall years past; that she tarried in the Fields over Night, saw and conversed with a People she knew not, having wandered in seeking of her Sheep, and sleep't upon a Hillock, and finding her self transported to another Place before Day. The Woman had a Child since that Time, and is still prettie melancholyous and silent, hardly ever seen to laugh. Her natural Heat and radical Moisture seem to be equally balanced, lyke ane unextinguished Lamp, and going in a Circle, not unlike to the faint Lyfe of Bees, and some sort of Birds, that sleep all the Winter over, and revive in the Spring." If the power is not in a man by nature, he may acquire it, Kirk believes; but the means he suggests are not specially distinctive. To place a foot beneath the Seer's foot and look over his shoulder, the traditionally approved posture according to many tales, he evidently thinks good enough for others. He himself, though he gives no direct personal experiences, was a seventh son.

Mr. Lang introduces the pamphlet in his graceful, quick-witted way, without hanging any undue weight of learning on it, which indeed it is not calculated to bear, for many other old books and documents are more suggestive to the comparative folk-lorists. Kirk's is chiefly interesting as a personal document, as evidence of belief rather than beliefs. The editor's best introduction to 'The Secret Commonwealth' is not his prose comment, but his poetical dedication to Mr. Stevenson, and his verses on 'The Fairy Minister.' "We have tired the Folk of Peace," he says. Where are they? In Wales, they say, the Methodists drove them away. Railroads cleared some districts of them. But Kirk's fairies, who were philosophical, believed that nothing perisheth for ever, but "is renewed and refreshed in its Revolutions." Perhaps in one of these Revolutions there came to the Good People the conviction that, though the human race might suggest amusing games and save them some labour, it was growing altogether too noisy and controversial, and that they had best retire to their Daoine Shi, and scorn the help and the company of the Superterraneans for ever more. The loss is ours, thinks Mr. Lang.

"Faith, they might steal *me*, wi' ma will,
And, ken'd I ony Fairy Hill,
I'd lay me down there, snod and still,
Their land to win,
For, man, I've maistly had my fill
O' this world's din."

G-Y.

EDWARD I.*

This is the last but one of a very successful series—'Twelve English Statesmen.' All the volumes, to say the least of them, have been admirable epitomes of whatever research has done for the various characters and epochs with which they deal, while Professor Freeman's 'William the Conqueror,' Mr. Harrison's 'Cromwell,' and Mr. Morley's 'Walpole' have a powerful personal stamp on them, and are likely to be of permanent interest and authority. Professor Tout's account of the statesmanship of Edward I. is in comprehensiveness and proportion a model of what a book of the kind should be. Every corner of Edward's government has had its due share of investigation, and the book may well save ordinary students a good deal of labour outside its covers. It has certainly brought to light few new facts, but research is beyond the purpose of the series. It has not, except in one respect, even presented Edward in a new light. But the fact is that the importance of the reign has never been unappreciated, and recent commentaries on its administration have been impartial, careful, and sound. Stubbs' main conclusions do not yet need to be revised. Professor Tout's has been, therefore, mainly the work of summary, and that he has done in a satisfactory fashion.

One section, however, of the book may well be consulted for something beyond a mere summary and reminder—the section relating to the Continental policy of the reign. Considering the space at his disposal, he has done more, not only to justify, but to make plain Edward's work in Gascony, and his relations with foreign states which made of him a great European monarch, than any other English historian. In fact, Professor Tout reminds us with some bitterness in what debt we stand—"to the disgrace of English scholarship"—to the modern foreign writers who have done homage to the continental statesmanship of Edward. He has dispersed for ever the notion that the king had little interest in or felt the impossibility of keeping his French inheritance. His policy was not the less an active one that it was not aggressive. And his interpreter makes a good point here. "Not the least striking side of his policy of mediation is its amazing modernness. Yet Edward was above all others a man of the Middle

* 'Edward I.' By Professor T. F. Tout. (Macmillan.)

Ages, though mediæval aspirations after a Crusade jostle strangely with his modern conceptions of a political balance and a policy of interests. But the truth is, that too much has been made of the contrast between mediæval and modern; or, if we like it better, we may say that there was already a modern side in the policy of the great national kings who in the thirteenth century had begun to replace feudalism."

Another very valuable feature of Professor Tout's survey is its account, very accurate and wonderfully lucid, of two rather labyrinthine subjects, Edward's dealings with the barons and with the clergy. In the narrative of the Welsh wars he speaks, of course, with quite special authority. Yet is he not a little too ready to treat the rebellions as impertinent? And has he not, in the case of the Scottish wars, idealized Edward's conduct, and insisted over much on the soundness of his legal position? To say, too, that the chief formative elements in the new Scottish nation were English is an overstatement, if not a misstatement. Edward knew better. It was not mainly by kinship and likeness of qualities that the Scots finally asserted their nationality. But generally the English standpoint is put with scrupulous fairness to the other side. Indeed Professor Tout is altogether of the new and non-partisan school of historians. He hardly commits himself to a single opinion without hastening to modify it. There was something to be said for the old-fashioned method. The truth is easier to find, or to infer, in the words of a downright, if fairly honest, partisan than in one who is afraid to hazard a definite statement or espouse a cause. From this or some other reason there is no clear picture given in the book of Edward's personality. There is plenty of description, but it is halting or contradictory. Of course, Edward was himself contradictory, as is every practical man of the world—a man of magnificent schemes and strong brain, but a typical Englishman, in spite of his foreign strain; with all this foreign strain, insularly narrow in his sympathies, brutally aristocratic in his temper. He had the grit and straightforwardness of his country, but if he "kept troth" generally, he did it not a moment after his interests seemed in danger. A little of the vagueness of the impression left by Professor Tout's account of Edward is due to the style in which the book is written. It has not the faintest pretensions to literary merit or attractiveness; there is no light or shade or relief in the narrative. But it is an honest book, with nothing slipshod or tawdry about it. The student will find it convenient, and to others it will provide abundant material for forming that sufficiently final judgment which is popularly supposed to be the purpose of books in such a series.

JONATHAN SWIFT.*

A painter received a visit from an American, who came to commission a portrait of his father. He was dead, it appeared, and there was no photograph or other likeness of him in existence; but "I have seen," said the son, "a picture by you of Moses, and I reckon the man who could paint Moses can paint my father, for my father, sir, is not so dead as Moses by a darned sight." The painter seized the situation, and requested the American to come back in a fortnight's time. Then he showed him a canvas; the American gazed on it thoughtfully. "And that's my father?" he said, at length. "Unquestionably," was the reply. "My God!" he cried, "how he has altered."

That ancient story was recalled by Mr. Collins's second chapter, "Injustice of the Popular Estimate of Swift," in which he seems to promise to present the dean as something quite other than what we have always pictured him. He starts with the statement that "nothing is more certain than that Swift's life, from the time he appeared on the stage of history to the time he ceased to be a responsible being, was a long course of active benevolence," and he goes on to vindicate Swift's religious character. "It is certain," he says, "that he devoted a portion of each day to religious exercises"; and "more than a third of his voluminous writings were in defence of the Protestant Church—the Church in which he believed Christianity to exist in its purest form." If Mr. Collins, we thought, can make good the contentions of this chapter, what a change he will work in our estimate of Swift. Unluckily he has not made them good. Take the question of religion, and contrast with our quotations from p. 14 this quotation from p. 245: "It is, of course, impossible to say, but it is very doubtful whether Swift's own opinions inclined certainly towards belief in the promises of Christianity, or even in a future state."

There is something blurred here, something contradictory; the same defect runs through the entire volume. Swift, we are told, was "an essentially good man . . . with the heart of a woman;" we are also told again and again that he was a misanthropist. Is goodness, then, compatible with misanthropy? Swift was beyond doubt that rarest of God's or the Devil's creatures, a genuine misanthropist; and surely misanthropy always, like charity, begins at home. Surely no man can hate his fellow-men without first hating himself, without having reason to hate himself, unless indeed he be mad, and, according to Mr. Collins, "a mind saner than Swift's has never existed." But, by Mr. Collins's showing, Swift can have had no reason to hate himself, for Mr. Collins finds good in everything Swift did. Swift, for instance, he says, was "so careful to abstain from anything which could cause her [Stella] uneasiness that in his letters from London he had never even referred to his intimacy with Hester Vanhomrigh." We can well believe he had not. But put Vanessa aside, or admit that she did take to drinking, and discard the story of Swift's secret marriage to Stella, and of his refusal to make that marriage public. The fact remains that he let Stella die alone, that he expressed the desire that she should not die in the deanery—for fear of misrepresentations. This is Mr. Collins's own account:—"Her death had been long expected, but when the end came it must have come suddenly, for, though in Dublin, he was not with her. With pathetic minuteness he has himself recorded the circumstances under which he heard of his irreparable loss. It was late in the evening of Sunday, January 28th. The guests who were in the habit of assembling weekly at the deanery on that evening were round him, and it was nearly midnight before he could be alone with his sorrow." One half looks for an excursus on Swift's Spartan fortitude; still, to us it appears that even Swift's worst enemy could scarcely be harder upon him.

Mr. Collins devotes eight pages to the merits and defects of the previous biographies of Swift. He enumerates eight, but strangely omits what seems to us the best of them, that by Mr. Leslie Stephen in the 'English Men of Letters' series. Shorter by about a fourth than the work before us, that life yet is fuller, as it is much more accurate. For, though it is to his general conclusions that we most take exception, Mr. Collins has fallen into a good many petty errors, as that Stella, when Swift first saw her (in the summer of 1689 at the earliest) was in her seventh year. True, the statement is Swift's, but we know all the same that she must have been two years older, for Mr. Stanley Lane Poole showed in 1884, from the Sheen register, that Hester Johnson was baptised on 20th March, 1680-81. Dryden upon the next page is referred to as "the old man" (he was only sixty-one); elsewhere we have a "stripling" of twenty-five, and thirty-two spoken of as the "prime of youth." Pope was not sixteen, but eighteen, years junior to Congreve; "Utinam his potius nugis" is a strange beginning for a Latin hexameter; and if Edric Silvaticus had to be mentioned at all, why should it be as "that wild Saxon patriot whose ferocity and courage were long the terror of our Norman rulers"? How long? one wonders, and turns to the histories; their answer seems to be three or four years at the longest. There was no great demand for another short life of Swift; and this one, to justify its existence, should have been very much better than it is.

* 'Jonathan Swift: A Biographical and Critical Study.' By John Churton Collins. (London: Chatto and Windus.)

OLD-WORLD SCOTLAND.*

This volume of two hundred and sixty-three pages embraces two-and-twenty pleasantly and vigorously-written papers, dealing with such subjects as wine and ale, usque-

* 'Old-World Scotland—Glimpses of its Modes and Manners.' By T. F. Henderson. (Fisher Unwin.)

bagh, kale and beef, feasting and fasting, vagabonds and minstrels, the Border riever, kirk discipline, squalor, football, assassination, the Darnley murder, the Highland chief, executions, and the Union. Most of the papers have already appeared in the *National Observer*, but several of them are here enlarged, yet they are by no means exhaustive, and do not profess to be so. Had the author's knowledge of his topics been very much wider and more accurate than it is, he could not possibly have written in a tone of more assured confidence; but, to the critical reader, it is quite apparent that of many matters with which he deals he knows little more than the fringe. Indeed, if he had known more about them he would probably have written with greater diffidence. As it is, many of his statements are badly-founded, and others are very misleading. A few examples must suffice.

The whole drift of his chapter on "The Reformation and Raiment" is intended to show that the standard of taste was lowered by the puritanical prohibitions of the sixteenth century concerning dress, to the articles of which importance had previously been naturally attached. In support of his theory he quotes the Act of Parliament of 1567, part of the Act of 1581, and an Act of the General Assembly of 1575. It may be noted in passing that none of these quotations is given correctly. This Act of 1581, unlike that of the Assembly, was not passed for puritanical reasons. The gay clothing was brought from foreign countries, and such was the demand that the prices had grown so exorbitant that they could no longer be sustained without "greit skayth" and inconvenience to the "commone weill." Accordingly, the exportation of wool was forbidden by the same Act, and this with an eye to the poor people at home being "bettir haldin in werk." Had Mr. Henderson gone a little further back, he would have found that this Act of 1581 was no new departure in Scottish legislation. Its prototypes are found in 1429, 1457, and 1471. Austere Puritanism can hardly be assigned as the motive in those early days. In his paper on "Squalor," he returns to the clothing, and among other things states that, "In the secular statute-book of Scotland there is at least one Act (1424) against the wearing of 'ragged clothes'; but, while 'excess in apparel' is specially designated in 'The First Book of Discipline' as one of the sins which 'do properly appertain to the church of God to punish the same as God's Word commandeth,' a significant silence is maintained as to unkemptness and unwashedness, and even as to deficiency in clothing." By the Act concerning "ragged clothes" he probably means the Act passed not in 1424, but in 1429, which certainly refers to "ragyt clathes." There, however, as the context shows, "ragyt" does not mean ragged, but ornamented—probably slashed. If the Reformers made no special provision against unkemptness and unwashedness, or even against deficiency in clothing, it would be an easy task to show that, on the other hand, they at least did their utmost for the maintenance of the poor, and that as regards sanitary burial they were a very long way in advance of their time.

The very interesting paper on "Wine and Ale" is disfigured by similar slackness of statement. A sentence like the following may convey to superficial readers a sense of research, but unfortunately it proves the very opposite:—"From the Acts passed by Parliament in the sixteenth century regulating the price of ale so that the seller might have no undue advantage of the buyer, it is plain that the liquor was regarded as a necessary article of diet." But as no Act of the Scottish Parliament was passed in the sixteenth century regulating the price of ale, Mr. Henderson's deduction must be taken—as he elsewhere says many of Hector Boece's statements must—*cum grano salis*. Here it may not be out of place to warn English readers that Boece's native district (Dundee) does not, as Mr. Henderson alleges, border on the Highlands.

The piercing of the "hoggeid of wine" nine days before Knox's death, as recorded by Richard Bannatyne, is made the most of by Mr. Henderson; and the wonder is that he has not noticed the other fact mentioned by the faithful secretary, that, on the very evening on which the Reformer died, he sometimes bade them wet his mouth with a little "waike aille." The Reformers were not teetotalers, and Mr. Henderson should not have ignored the statement in the 'First Book of Discipline' that every minister should have at least forty bolls of meal and twenty-six bolls of *malt*, "to find his house breid and drink." And he might have told that even grave divines in the sixteenth century asked offended brethren to drink to one another, in token of reconciliation. On the authority of 'Faithful Contendings,' he charges three Covenanting preachers with each carrying "a great flask of brandy with them." But, on referring to the volume quoted, it is found that only two of the offenders are named, and one of these was certainly not a preacher; while there is nothing to show who or what the third individual was. Although ministers as a class are well qualified to look after themselves, this mode of attacking "the cloth" is manifestly unfair. No doubt Mr. Henderson fell into this trap, as into many others, by taking his quotation at second-hand. Kirkpatrick Sharpe spotted the passage long before him, but with more circumspection called them "most notable saints."

The only paper of value in the collection is that entitled "New Light on the Darnley Murder," in which use is made of the 'Calendar of Spanish State Papers,' as confirming the genuineness of the casket letters. Mary's gift to Bothwell, only six or seven weeks after Darnley's murder, of three gorgeous ecclesiastical vestments, so artlessly recorded in her 'Inventories,' is quite as damaging in its own way as the casket letters, and cannot be challenged.

It is to be regretted that on many points—several of them rather important—Mr. Henderson's papers present a perverted and entirely false view. He does not mean to mis-lead; but his lively imagination and facile pen are apparently uncontrolled by that patient plodding accuracy which is essential in historical students.

D. HAY FLEMING.

GOETHE'S MAXIMS.*

Anything answering less to the conventional notion of "Maxims" than Goethe's 'Sprüche' it would be hard to and. "Reflections" is the more correct part of the translator's title. To sum up wisdom in a *bon mot* was not Goethe's way. In fact he knew it could not be done. The half truths, the cheap truths, the temporary truths, where difficulties, and exceptions, and modifications, are all ignored, can be compressed into a flash of wit, stimulating and suggestive, but hardly giving enough of light to live and work by. The best maxims are those that touch only the surface of life, and Goethe was the last man in the world to concern himself with superficial moods and occasions, or to hanker after neatness of expression. He was never ashamed to be serious, and his search after truth in life, and science, and art, had all the plodding earnestness, and some of the heaviness, of his nation. In his 'Sprüche,' these qualities, earnestness, sobriety of thinking, and endeavours after whole truths, are abundantly seen. For the most part they are given now for the first time in English. Mr. Saunders has wisely made omissions, but all the best are here. Some of them originally appeared in *Die Wahlverwandschaften* in 1809, some in *Kunst und Alterthum*, 1816-1828; others were introduced as padding into the 1829 edition of 'Wilhelm Meister,' and others again not printed till after his death. Thus they represent the gathered wisdom of Goethe's life and the judgment of his later years. It is to the honour of these later years that they are neither harsh, nor crabbed, nor cynical. They are full of a mellow wisdom, a great-mindedness, a large tolerance—a tolerance which exists, nevertheless, side by side with very definite opinions and some prejudices. Dealing with problems of conduct, with intellectual methods, and æsthetic ideals, they reflect, sometimes with a lyrical beauty of phrase, nearly the whole of Goethe's various gifts and many-sided nature. Even his sentimentality, even his dulness, his royally complacent dulness, are not wanting occasionally; though, luckily, he has found an editor of excellent discretion.

The maxims on Art Sir Frederick Leighton undertook to select, and those on Science were submitted to Professor Huxley. These two sections have been much cut down, and what

* 'The Maxims and Reflections of Goethe.' Translated by Bailey Saunders. (Macmillan.)

is left, as being either not out of date or as being still sufficiently suggestive or impressive, is of much less interest than the Reflections on Life and Conduct.

A few examples will give some idea of the character of these Reflections :—

"Every great idea is a tryant when it first appears; hence the advantages which it produces change all too quickly into disadvantages. It is possible, then, to defend and praise any institution that exists, if its beginnings are brought to remembrance, and it is shown that everything which was true of it at the beginning is true of it still."

"A man cannot live for every one; least of all for those with whom he would not care to live."

"I went on troubling myself about general ideas until I learnt to understand the particular achievements of the best men."

"True, active, productive friendship consists in keeping equal pace in life: in my friend approving my aims, while I approve his, and in thus moving forwards together stedfastly, however much our way of thought and life may vary."

"Hypotheses are cradle songs, by which the teacher lulls his scholars to sleep."

The Nature Aphorisms are all beautiful. Though they have a kind of continuity which makes quotation difficult, here are two that show his attitude to the Great Mother:

"We live in the midst of her, and are strangers. She speaks to us unceasingly, and betrays not her secret. We are always influencing her, and yet can do her no violence.

"She lets every child work at her, every fool judge of her, and thousands pass her by and see nothing; and she has her joy in them all, and in them all finds her account."

The 'Sprüche' have found as good a translator as could be desired, and to render them lucidly was no easy task. Great credit is due to Mr. Saunders for his conscientiousness and his skill, as well as gratitude for a book so sane and so companionable. "In a tranquil mind thoughts rise up at the close of life hitherto unthinkable; like blessed inward voices, alighting in glory on the summits of the past," says Goethe, and it is just such a tranquil mind and mood, and just such wisdom, that the 'Sprüche' reflect. G-Y.

LE DOCTEUR PASCAL.*

None of the Rougon-Macquart series can be judged solely by themselves. They have to be judged as contributing to the plan of the whole, a very wonderful whole, worked out with marvellous industry and insight into modern life, and with the devotion which is peculiarly characteristic of science. It may well be called monumental. It is hardly given to any man, even to a prolific French novelist, to carry out two such schemes; and if another generation find his illustrations and his morality out of date, the original conception of his work, executed with what materials he had at hand, will still remain a worthy monument. There are very weak spots to the eyes of this generation in many of the novels by which he illustrates his thesis, but not one of them fails to contribute strength and conviction to the general plan. Among those that stand out by their artistic excellence, as well as by their documentary support of a theory—'Germinal,' 'La Terre,' 'L'Œuvre,' and one or two others—'Le Docteur Pascal' will not find a place. Yet it has an interest—two points of interest, transcending the interest of all the rest.

First, it is the complete and explicit key to the series. The whole Rougon-Macquart family play parts in it, or are re-examined under the Doctor's microscope. Among the actors are Tante Dide, the mother of them all, sitting with silent stare in the Asile des Aliénés at les Tulettes; Antoine Macquart, her son, the old drunkard who dies of alcoholic combustion; Félicité, her active, ambitious, unscrupulous daughter-in-law, the fire of family pride burning in her for all her fourscore years; Félicité's children, Eugéne the Bonapartist deputy, Pascal the doctor and the alien, Aristide turned Republican and directing a newspaper; Aristide's children, Maxime, a poor, debilitated, selfish wreck, and Clotilde, the pupil and protégée of Pascal and heroine of the story; Maxime's imbecile son Charles, and the infant of Clotilde, who is to be the regenerator of the Rougon branch as Jean Macquart of the 'Débâcle,' and his children, are to be of the more plebeian stock. 'Le Docteur Pascal' is no more a study of heredity than any of the others of the series, but in it the inferences are drawn and the conclusion of the whole matter placed before the reader in a deliberate examination of each member of the family, of their degeneration and its causes, or their reinvigoration of the stock.

The reader's conclusion will probably be that M. Zola is far from being justified in having dragged us into every one of the horrible scenes of the series. He has always provided far too much material to build his structure with, and he has been only the less convincing. He has made his dissecting-room too like the shambles. But at least 'Le Docteur Pascal' should justify him in the eyes of those who have ever had any doubt as to the design of his work, of its scientific aim, and its moral purpose. Zola is of all others the writer with a purpose, a motive, as definite as that of any man of science or philanthropist; he probably never wrote a line, at least in the Rougon-Macquart series, for art's sake. And so we say moral purpose, consciously moral.

"La vie est abominable," says Clotilde, sick with the knowledge of evil and the sordid facts of existence, and in revolt against his calm acceptance of them. "C'est une clarté terrible que ta science jette sur le monde, ton analyse descend dans toutes nos plaies humaines, pour en étaler l'horreur. Tu dis tout, tu parles crument, tu nous ne laisses que la nausée des êtres et des choses, sans aucune consolation possible." But Pascal knowing more, is more hopeful. "Il ne croyait pas à une humanité d'idylle vivant dans une nature de lait, il voyait au contraire les maux et les tares, les étalait, les fouillait, les cataloguait depuis trente ans; et sa passion de la vie, son admiration des forces de la vie suffisaient à le jeter dans une perpétuelle joie, d'où semblait couler naturellement son amour des autres, un attendrissement fraternel, une sympathie, qu'on sentait sous sa rudesse d'anatomiste et sous l'impersonnalité affectée de ses études." "Laissez-donc la France tranquille," he says to his mother, mourning over the fallen dynasty and all modern things, "La France a la vie dure, et je trouve qu'elle est en train d'étonner le monde par la rapidité de sa convalescence." His attitude towards life, in contrast to the idealists about him, is one of faith and hope. The regenerative force is work. Indeed, the book is a pæan in praise of honest work. Jean Macquart, the peasant soldier of 'La Débâcle,' who goes back to the earth to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, is one type of the regenerator, Pascal himself another. He sees the salvation of social life in the perfect equilibrium of work and emotion, "autant de travail rendu que de sensation reçue, le branle du monde rétabli dans son labeur éternel."

The second special interest of the book is autobiographic. M. Zola himself is the Doctor. He is the earnest searcher into all corners of life, clean and unclean, the observer, the believer in the regeneration of the very world that now is by positive means. It does not need his own assurance given in Mr. Sherard's interview with him in the English version, to convince us of the resemblance. No wonder the writing of the book "amused" him, as he says. The whole world that has execrated him is here in all its types. Those that simply shut their eyes and say he is wicked find themselves in Martine. Those who feel a burning rage that their own follies and the follies of their kin should be rudely exposed, are represented by his mother Félicité, and those who turn away sickened at the hideous picture, and prefer to lie and look at the stars, by Clotilde—till her final submission to his influence.

In his study of the family Pascal had not forgotten himself, but he was satisfied—there was cause for satisfaction—that he was unlike the others. "Combinaison où se confondent les caractères physiques et moraux des parents, sans que rien d'eux semble se retrouver dans le nouvel être" is his description of his case. "Mais, d'où sors tu?" his mother asks him. "Tu n'es pas à nous." He finds out, however, his mistake when attacked by the heart-affection which is probably a legacy from his fathers. And there is more about him savouring of the Rougon-Macquart stock than he seems to think. His love story is not so beautiful and pathetic as his English translator would have us

* 'Le Docteur Pascal.' Par Emile Zola. Bibliothèque-Charpentier. 'Doctor Pascal, or Life and Heredity.' By Emile Zola. Translated by E. A. Vizetelly. (Chatto and Windus.)

believe. It is an ugly love story, and the sun of Provence that warms men's passions hardly explains it into beauty. Not that the relationship difficulty is an insurmountable one. Such connections are often blessed, if not recognised save by special dispensation, by the Church. Pascal's love story is perhaps not corrupt; it is simply, frankly, brutally animal. Whatever beauty there is about it lies in the hope of Pascal in the child he never will see. The child, he feels, will sanctify his life and his love, and the final chapter is the idealisation of Clotilde as a mother. When last we see her, her child is in her arms, "son petit bras en l'air, tout droit, dressé comme un drapeau d'appel à la vie." 'Le Docteur Pascal,' for the sake of this chapter, should be added to the Positivist Library, if Comte's sacred list be ever revised. Yet the part that Clotilde plays in the story is hardly the ideal one that we are asked to believe. In her petty treacheries, in her animal enjoyments, there is something of the bad old family strain. In fact M. Zola has again proved that he can understand tendencies and types far better than individual characters.

Mr. Vizetelly, who made so excellent a translation of 'La Débâcle,' has here again been very successful, considering that in this more emotional story he has met with greater difficulties. His omissions, *pour les convenances*, are discreet, and have the assent of the author himself. A good and recent portrait of M. Zola is also an interesting feature of the volume. But we wish he had given the Rougon-Macquart genealogical tree in its original and picturesque form. G-Y.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE POEMS OF ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM, together with his Essay on the Lyrical Poems of Alfred Tennyson. Edited by Richard Le Gallienne. (E. Mathews and J. Lane.)

The poems of Hallam have another interest beyond a tender melancholy one. Looked at beside the juvenile attempts of the young poets of our day, we are conscious of a long passage of time and sentiment. Our young poets, without any greater poetical experience, are more sophisticated, perhaps of easier manners, and they do not head their verses "Lines written on the Occasion of a represented Charade." Arthur Hallam's poetic gifts were undoubted, but a youthful primness, not ungraceful, may obscure them from those who find delight only in the fashion of to-day or of long ago, but not of yesterday. In thinking and attainments he may well have appeared far in front of his friend, though the genius and the glamour of the "Lyrical Poems" are nowhere to be seen in these fragments. His strongest ambitions were, nevertheless, probably poetic. When the Muse sadly replied to his call, he said,

"In that sadness was such essence fine,
So keen a sense of Life's mysterious name,
And high conceit of Nature more divine,
That breath and sorrow seemed no more the same.
Oh let me hear again that sweet reply!
More than by loss of thee I cannot die."

In spite, however, of the promise of rich poetic fruit in these little fragments, of the sensitive purity and passionate love of beauty revealed in his verse, it was probably in other fields that his powers would have come to full maturity. In the youthfully pedantic, but sound and remarkable criticism here reprinted, there is real achievement.

Mr. Le Gallienne's sympathetic essay is a model of what such an introduction should be. He says only what is needful, gives some episodes in the story of the beautiful friendship, and points convincingly to certain fragments as evidence of the qualities which made Hallam a man of mark at twenty-two, and of the "all comprehending tenderness, the all subtilising intellect," which deserved as well as inspired the love that has "mastered Time."

PRIMER OF ITALIAN LITERATURE. By F. J. Snell. (Clarendon Press.)

A book of this kind, dealing in an intelligent way with Italian literature as a whole and not merely with some of its epochs and great names, was much wanted. Mr. Snell has made the most of the small space at his disposal, though its limits have forced him occasionally to do little more than catalogue and to be satisfied with but vague and incomplete criticism. His chapters, however, on Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, and on the modern Romanticists, are generally sound, full of information, and even readable. There are some notable omissions. Since so many obscure names of mere grammarians or chroniclers have found a place, surely some notice might have been taken of writers who had so strong an influence on popular and imaginative literature as Basile and Straparola. And the selection of living writers is open to criticism since it includes De Amicis and finds nothing to say of the author of 'Vita dei Campi.' Mr. Snell is sometimes too learnedly obscure in his language, as when he says that the pathos of Cavalcanti's sonnet on his exile "is anything but adscititious," and at other times he is colloquially ambiguous. But perhaps a primer should hardly be subjected to criticism on its style. This one really fulfils its modest aim very well. It contains a great deal of information, and is easy of reference, and for the elementary student of Italian literature in England there is no other book so convenient or so reliable.

CANADIAN POEMS AND LAYS: Selections of Native Verse, reflecting the Seasons, Legends, and Life of the Dominion. Edited by W. D. Lighthall. Canterbury Poets. (W. Scott.)

Canada has, without any doubt, a literary future: it has already some literary achievement. Though patriotic rather than poetic excellence is reflected in this anthology, yet most of the verse has in it a genuine ring of rejoicing in a beautiful and youthful and hopeful land that removes it entirely from twaddling commonplace. Canada has reached that state of complicated and conscious existence which makes a literature a possibility. Its double nationality has enriched it; the strain of the older Catholic civilization in the French towns has saved it from utter provincialism, the sharp contests of its colonists with nature have developed its character, and the struggle for the recognition of its nationality has nourished its self-confidence and pride. These are all expressed by its singers, and sometimes with force and sweetness. Readers may smile at the editor's rhapsodical introduction, but the poems will prove that Mr. Lighthall has something to be pleased about, and that the forests and prairies have good and articulate lovers.

FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS OF A HAPPY LIFE. By Marianne North. (Macmillan.)

Miss North's 'Recollections' were only selections from a much longer narrative. They were so well received that another volume has been prepared by her sister, Mrs. J. A. Symonds, in which are to be found the accounts of her earliers travels in Italy, Spain, Syria, Egypt, Palestine, Austria, and Sicily. The ground is very familiar nowadays, but Miss North first went over it with her eyes open when travelling was not the easy and rapid thing it is to-day, when it brought you less comfort and more adventure. And with her artist's eye and her quiet humour she did not make ordinary observations. Much of the narrative is written in the family letter style—a good style for the purpose, for it permits her to speak of trifles if they happen to have been amusing. "Her passion for travelling lasted to the very last," says her sister. "Die Reise Lust came on her; she had to go. For a long time she seemed to bear a charmed life. She could apparently sit all day painting in a mangrove swamp, and not catch fever. She could live without food, without sleep, and still come home, after a year or two, a little thinner, with a more careworn look in the tired eyes, but ready to enjoy the welcome from her friends at home." Portraits of Miss North and her father give additional interest to the book.

SONGS AND SONNETS. By Mathilde Blind. (Chatto and Windus.)

Miss Blind has some sweet notes, but in her series of poems, "Love in Exile," the sweetness and the sentiment are too often sickly and flabby. Four or five of the series stand out clearly, however, by their real strength and beauty. Among the best is the one that begins—

"Thou walkest with me as the spirit light
Of the hushed moon, high o'er a snowy hill,
Walks with the homeless traveller all night,
When trees are tongueless and when mute the rill,
Moon of my soul, O phantasm of delight,
Thou walkest with me still."

But soft sentiment in Miss Blind is often akin to the maudlin, and it is not tenderness but generous and catholic sympathies that inspire her best poetry. The "Pauper Poet's Song" is not perfectly turned, but it rings true. It is not a bitter song, for its refrain is comforting—

"Then sing for aye, and aye rehearse,
This whole miraculous universe
Belongs to him who loves it!"

ON ENGLISH LAGOONS. Being an Account of the Voyage of Two Amateur Wherrymen on the Norfolk and Suffolk Rivers and Broads. By P. H. Emerson. (Nutt.)

Mr. Emerson was a hardy wherryman, and some of his chapters read like the experience of an ice-bound Polar explorer. Yet his book is a book for the season. There is so much of it—from September to August the Journal runs—and then so much of it may be skipped, an absolute essential for all books to be read out of doors. Like Thoreau's 'Week on the Concord,' it is the record of a naturalist and a word painter, but, not to mention other differences, Mr. Emerson has less tendency than Thoreau to philosophical reflection and more interest in ordinary human nature. Besides being a valuable itinerary to the Broads, the book has a wider general interest. For all who love out-of-door things and life there are patches in it of delightful reading.

THE DOG IN BRITISH POETRY. Edited by R. Maynard Leonard. (Nutt.)

System is the chief characteristic of this remarkable collection. The notes and appendix, the indices (of first lines, of authors, of dogs mentioned by name, of the species of dogs mentioned) are exhaustively complete. Mr. Leonard has ransacked British poetry—good, bad, and indifferent—for even casual mentions of his favourite animal, and, as he will have it there is nothing absurd in his zeal, we must believe him. It is really very difficult to point out where the absurdity lies. Cats have already had their anthology, and the other domestic animals will doubtless be not less well treated. The only serious omission we have observed is 'The House that Jack Built,' but an annotated version of that might justifiably be held over till the literary homage to the cow has been collected and arranged. Mr. Leonard, in gathering all the praises of heroic dogs and the laments of loving masters, does not scorn a picturesque trifle like this—

"At morning's call
The small-voiced pug-dog welcomes in the sun,
And flea-bit mongrels, waking one by one,
Give answer all."

The book is evidently a labour of love. What a pity that dogs will never know how much they have been honoured in the beautiful type and title-page!

THE LEGENDARY LORE OF THE HOLY WELLS OF ENGLAND. By R. C. Hope, F.S.A. (Elliot Stock.)

In 'Holy Wells' the writer has included rivers, lakes, fountains, and springs to which traditions or legends still cling. The subject is a fascinating one. Well-worship and well-consecration have a long history, of which the beginning is hardly traceable, nor the end. Probably Mr. Hope's book may suggest a good many new pilgrimages to those springs and wells that have still a history hanging about them. His introduction is not exhaustive, but it is enough to give readers an interest in the general subject. Under the different counties they will find the wells in their respective neighbourhoods noted, described, and illustrated. The records of some are vague enough, but Mr. Hope seems to have industriously ransacked every available source of information. The west country wells are both the most numerous and the most interesting, Cornwall and Shropshire being especially rich. The ground is clear for similar works which shall deal with the lore of Irish and Scottish holy wells.

SKEPTICS OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE. By John Owen. (Sonnenschein.)

There is much in these studies that should win respect as well as interest, though their own plan and manner are their worst enemies. Why Mr. Owen did not use his thoughtful and intelligent, if not conclusive, studies of Dante, Giordano Bruno, Pulci, Machiavelli, and the others to fill, in a straightforward, commonplace fashion, a book of essays, it is hard to tell. He has chosen a 'Friends in Council' method rather, the main statements being contained in the papers read by the friends, and the conversation of the audience furnishing the obvious criticisms and the necessary modifications. But the interlarded remarks of the serious-minded Mrs. Harrington and Trevor, of Miss Leycester and Arundel, hardly make the book lighter reading. The studies of Dante, Machiavelli, and Bruno, regarded as emancipators, are discursive, and contain masses of undigested metaphysical speculation, but for their broadmindedness, their enthusiasm, their general thoughtfulness, and the new standpoints they suggest, they merit some attention from students, while some of their faults as well as their virtues may attract the interest of the general reader to their subjects. But we are inclined to think that the book will be found most useful for its copious and exact references to the literature of the Renaissance, and may thus serve as a liberal introduction to Italian thought.

MOUNTAINEERING. By Claude Wilson, M.D. Illustrations by Ellis Carr. All England Series. (Bell.)

Within the limits of two hundred pages Dr. Claude Wilson has packed as much good advice, prudent warning, enthusiastic encouragement, and detailed instruction as could be possibly got in. He knows the Swiss mountains well; he knows the guides and how to treat them; he knows what climbers should eat and drink and wherewith they should be clothed, and, for the comfort of the amateur, who does not like vagueness, he gives things their exact names, and addresses, too, if they have any, and expresses definite opinions. The most serious fault to be found with his book is that in it he does too much thinking for the amateur. Dr. Wilson includes a chapter for English hill-climbers, and indeed, whatever the heights to be scaled, the traveller will have a good and compact friend with him if he take the All England 'Mountaineering' in his knapsack.

NOVEL NOTES.

PIETRO GHISLERI. By F. M. Crawford. 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

Why has Mr. Crawford so strong a desire to draw scenes and characters of a highly polished, complex, and modern civilization, when his success has been all in other directions, in the presentation of the abnormal, of the half-civilized, the romantic? There was just enough in present-day Rome, to English eyes, of the abnormal and the romantic, to promise him a fair field for his powers. But in his former Roman books he had nearly exhausted it, and in 'Pietro' we have the continuation of a series from which the life has all gone out. Of the mere external movements of a complicated, fashionable society Mr. Crawford could always be the interpreter, but of the play of mind and motive underneath, never. He has probably better qualities than the crispness of style, the superficial lightness of touch, that can exactly reproduce gossip and gaiety without losing any of its sparkle and its savour. In this picture of Roman society he reflects elegance, but not enough *entrain* to keep a season going for a fortnight.

Yet the situation he has chosen is evidently adapted for purposes of fiction. There is something piquant about it. We are introduced to a fashionable "set" of miscellaneous composition, largely leavened by an old and exclusive aristocracy, with a pride in its mediæval castles and pedigrees in the background, but showing on the surface, the most modern, the least romantic of aims: a society that dances and dines a great deal, and is bound together by amusement, but with some mediæval fierceness not eradicated. Piety at convenient seasons, and in a measure consistent with good breeding, is not unfashionable, and superstition of the crudest kind is almost universal. An element of provincialism is not wanting—it never is in an exclusive society—and its chief evidence is the naïf delight in which everybody in the set seems to take in gossip, ranging from the mildly mischievous to the blackest slander. This is the world that Mr. Crawford bit by bit, and lengthily, describes. Present it he hardly does.

Perhaps the fatal mistake was the introduction of the British characters. A British element does not always make

for dulness, but there are dull Britons, and he has chosen that some of them should represent the virtues in the Roman world of fashion. A well-bred, rigid complacency —in lower circles it would be called smugness—is the pervading quality of Laura Carlyon. She was not amusing, but we are asked to believe she inspired great passions in three persons, two of whom she married. Roman ladies gave her the cold shoulder, though she was the step-daughter of Prince Gerano. They used her very badly, sent her to Coventry, believed her step-sister Adèle's malicious tales against her, and that she had the evil eye. They evidently thought her heaviness had something occult about it. Her own countrywomen would not have made the mistake.

The plot is, literally, a plot—that of the nervous, jealous Adèle, to ruin Laura's happiness and reputation. It is diabolical; mediæval in its cruelty and crime, very modern and also very ridiculous in its form—the placing of virulent scarlet fever germs in the dinner napkins of guests, for instance, is part of it—needlessly tortuous in its execution. The vengeance that overtakes the sinner is likewise very modern. She falls a victim to morphia; but the relation of her sufferings is more tedious than painfully impressive. The title of the story suggests, however, that neither the heroine, nor the criminal, nor the plot, is intended as the main feature of interest, but Ghisleri. Pietro is like most of Mr. Crawford's heroes, vaguely sympathetic. He is a poor man of fashion, with a romantic past, and a dangerous reputation for we don't quite know what. He is very popular and fascinating in society by reason of qualities which are not explained. We are led to infer that his intellect and aspirations soar far above the world he lives in, but there is only hearsay evidence of this. Still he discourages gossip and behaves honourably, if he does make love in a dull way to the dull Laura.

If there were any evident motive or ambition, however weakly fulfilled, in the story we should be inclined not to insist so emphatically on its failure. But there is nothing of the sort. A clever satirical direction, in vol. iii., how to gain ease in conversation, how to win a reputation for joining cheerfully in the talk of the day is one of the few bright spots. The three volumes flow on and on with careless ease; but at the back of the ease and behind the carelessness there is none of the concealed effort that commands success.

DODO: A Detail of the Day. By E. F. Benson. 2 vols. (Methuen.)

Mr. Benson's story is a real success. Dodo is everywhere in it, so it has not a chance of being dull, for if Dodo is hard to explain, at least she is something far, far removed from dulness, and sleepiness, and whatever makes people pull long faces. She whirls through the pages talking nonsense all the time, not literary nonsense with a deep meaning in it, but sheer foolish nonsense, and if you can't stand that and be delighted with it, why she has nothing to give you. It is good nonsense, because it is so utterly bad. This is some of it: "Morning, old boy," she said to [her husband—she had proposed to some one to run away with her the night before, and he knows it, so her conversation must be very consoling]; "you look as sleepy as a d. p. or dead pig. Look at my hat. I've got a new feather, which is the joy of my heart. Isn't it sweet? Have some tea, and give me another kidney—two, I think. What happens to the sheep after they take its kidneys out? Do you suppose it dies? I wonder if they put india-rubber kidneys in. Kidneys do come from sheep, don't they? Or is there a kidney tree? Kidneys look like a sort of mushroom, and I suppose the bacon is the leaves, Kidnonia Baconiensis." And so on, and so on. She is the object of endless admiration and speculation. Those who want to marry her speculate as to whether she is a devil, or a tiger, or a woman, and whether she has genius. And no wonder. Her power consists of grace, and health, and endless vitality, and utter selfishness, and when these combine you may as well call the combination genius as anything else. Mr. Benson is surely a little mistaken in making her philosophical here and there. A woman like her does observe and criticise life, but Dodo verges on the profound at times, which is improbable. Yet his perception is rarely at fault. He sees her very clearly—this young beauty who demands to be amused, who cannot bear to be respectfully contradicted, but who will submit to be bullied, who talks loud, laughs heartily, smokes vigorously, but does all things with grace, has few conventions, and is never bored. You fall in love with her, but not so hopelessly as to feel any regret or surprise when she forsakes her true lover to run off with the Austrian Prince.

TWO COUNTESSES. By Marie Ebner von Eschenbach. Translated by Mrs. Waugh. Pseudonym Library. (Unwin.)

Mrs. Waugh introduces Madame Ebner von Eschenbach as the Mrs. Craik of Austria. This is a very partial description indeed, and readers should neither be held back nor encouraged by the statement. It is our only quarrel with Mrs. Waugh, whose translation is excellent. She has selected two short, slight stories, of Austrian life in aristocratic circles, told with considerable humour. The story of Paula is the more commonplace, if also the more romantic. The other countess, Muschi, is a young country squire in petticoats, despising feminine pursuits, but not altogether dead to feminine ambitions; scorning the soft refinements of society, but never doubting its authority. She is a clever study, and so is her mother, who on a day of particular worry resorts to her nineteenth cigar. Muschi is not all bucolic heartiness. She is a little sad too. There is some sensitiveness beneath her tanned complexion, and behind her "horsey" speech. When the lover who came for her hand goes off with the heart of someone else, she owns "it is not always as pleasant as it looks to be a sporting countess, pure and simple."

A CATHEDRAL COURTSHIP, and Penelope's English Experiences. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

"We are travelling under the yoke of an iron itinerary, warranted neither to bend nor break. It was made out by a young High Church curate in New York, and if it had been blessed by all the bishops and popes, it would not be more sacred to Aunt Celia. She is awfully High Church, and I believe she thinks this tour of the cathedrals will give me a taste for ritual and bring me into the true fold." So wrote the fascinating Miss Katharine Schuyler in the fat note-book given her by Aunt Celia in which to record her passing impressions of English cathedral architecture. Her impressions of architecture are postscripts in this style: "The Lancet style is those curved lines meeting in a rounding or a sharp point like this [diagram], and then joined together like this [diagram], the way they used to scallop flannel petticoats. . . . I think I know Gothic when I see it. Then there is Norman, Early English, fully developed Early English, Early and Late Perpendicular, and Transition. Aunt Celia knows them all apart." The main body of the "impressions" is concerned with the meetings with a young American architect whose itinerary was not made out by any High Church curate, but was nevertheless identical with that of Aunt Celia and her niece. They had reached York, *via* Winchester, Salisbury, Gloucester, Oxford, and Lincoln, when the architect, who also jots down travel impressions, writes, "Anything more exquisitely unserviceable as a chaperone I can't imagine. Absorbed in antiquity, she ignores the babble of contemporaneous lovers. That any man could look at Kitty when he could look at a cathedral passes her comprehension." Wooed in sacred shades and precincts, it is perhaps a pity, but not unnatural, that the happy climax should be reached in Farmer Hendry's field at Durham, the immediate cause being Kitty's apprehensiveness of a sportive cow. 'Penelope's English Experiences,' the other story, is less good. The American delight in titles and other aristocratic signs and symbols, is just a little too evident. No doubt this delight is nothing worse than a manifestation of a keen and starved historic sense, but it is hard for English readers to forget its English signification. The story, however, becomes amusing when Penelope retires to Belvern (Malvern) to calmly consider whether her affection for Mr. Willie Beresford or for Art is the stronger. Mrs. Wiggin tells her stories very brightly. She can laugh in a light-hearted way, and her heroines are gracefully frivolous, and gracefully serious. American visitors like Kitty and Penelope are pleasant to welcome. Let us assure Kitty that under the circumstances, and in spite of her architectural studies, she saw nothing at all of our country, and even the observant Penelope that she has not exhausted us or our civilization, and bid them both come back again.

DUST AND LAURELS: A Study in Nineteenth Century Womanhood. By Mary Pendered. (Griffith and Farran.)

The second title might have been a Study in Nineteenth Century Vulgarity, but we fear the vulgarity is not all in the study, but some of it in the student. Vera, the young woman who is the central personage of the story, is certainly one of the most disagreeable and ridiculous to be met with anywhere. She is always setting her strong white teeth and laughing aloud, or drinking tea furiously as evidence of her great passions, or "wafting a spray of chalk powder over her face lightly," to show her fine recklessness of nature. She writes books—the stupidest heroines always do—and one of them is called 'Noughts and Crosses.' Neither she nor her publisher, nor her friends seem to have found any impediment to the title. She promotes a Woman's Free College in the intervals of literary activity, but finds plenty of leisure for ugly flirtation. At last, to the indignation of an innocent little friend, she becomes "a mere wife." This is an advantage for the Women's Free College and literature, at all events. Perhaps the objectionable hysterical Vera is meant as a warning, but her career is chronicled with too evident a relish for her to serve any such moral purpose. Miss Pendered has evidently plenty of cleverness. Her friendly critics may well wish her more judgment.

LIKE A SISTER. By Madeline Crichton. 3 vols. (Digby and Long.)

This is a story made up of old bits—old plots, old characters, old prejudices, but pleasant enough and not without a strain of healthy common sense. The foolish, unkind stepmother is here, with her frivolous daughter and her virtuous and beautiful step-daughter. The love complications are of the most approved and ancient kind—miscarriage of letters, mistakes in identity, and so on. The good stepdaughter is of ancient Irish lineage, so, of course, she has been brought up in a tumbledown castle and has violet eyes. But she has as little of Irish in her mind as in her accent. A variation of the local colour is, however, provided by taking her away to Hong-kong, but to an English circle, not to the company of pig-tails. Then she is again safely deposited in Ireland with money to rebuild the tumbledown castle, to become a model landlady, and receive the blessings of a grateful peasantry. In spite of the villainy that darkens some of the pages, there is an easy amiability about the story. If it is an old and worn-out plot, it is served up pleasantly.

MRS. FINCH-BRASSEY. By Mrs. Andrew Dean. 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Mrs. Andrew Dean's first motive in her stories seems to be to show up the humbugs of the present day. In 'A Splendid Cousin' it was artistic ambition without capacity, artistic aspiration made a cloak for utter selfishness and for a complacent acceptance of other people's sacrifice, that was satirized and made to do expiation. In 'Mrs. Finch-Brassey' we have another modern type, quite as familiar,—the tailor-made, false-yellow-haired, loud-spoken pushing woman, always up to date in the matter of slang and the newest atrocities in drawing-room decoration. With but a half-secured position she is bound to be aggressive; impecunious, she is desperate; heartless, she is capable not only of petty spite but of daring malignity. Mrs. Andrew Dean has placed her against a background of a quiet, conventional country town, where the daily life and conversation are full of boredom and mild amusements, gossip and social prejudices, and has given her the due amount of snubbing and admiration which would naturally fall to her lot in such a circle. Though the three volumes have been a disadvantage rather than otherwise, the story losing some of its effect through repetition of similar episodes and descriptions, Mrs. Dean has been remarkably successful in this study of deep-grained vulgarity. She is a clever satirist, and a healthy-minded one, too.

CLAUDE BRENNAN. By John Ferrars. (Arrowsmith.)

Claude Brennan was a young doctor with a tremendous intellect, who wrote books that should have changed the mind of the world for ever. He had a friend, John Ferrars, whom he invariably snubbed, but Ferrars thought this was natural, and he doesn't tell Claude's story to avenge himself. While stopping with John in a remote Welsh village—after roaming the world and picking up all its learning—Claude falls in love with a beautiful girl and becomes engaged to her. But, alas! he lets her read his new book, and as it says things she has never heard in chapel, she throws him over, then fades away and dies. Claude rushes off to buy her picture, exhibited that year, and runs away and lives with it by the Mediterranean shores. Then taken with a consumption he sends for his friend Ferrars to let him see how a man of genius dies, which he does before the picture, to the sound of soft music. It is a very solemn book, full of cheap discussion on serious subjects, and there isn't a bit of real life in it from beginning to end.

TOLD BY THE COLONEL. By W. L. Alden. (McClure and Co.)

'Told by the Colonel' is, on the contrary, an altogether frivolous book, but as the fun, distinctly American in type, is real fun, it has more weight than a hundredweight of flimsy attempts at intellectual conversation. The stories the Colonel tells are very absurd, and they may seriously annoy many persons past their first youth and not arrived at an age of tolerance. They are very noisy stories, full of shameless lies, and they are calculated to leave certain temperaments cold and unmoved, but we have found 'The St. Bernard Myth,' and 'A Mystery,' and 'An Ornithological Romance' excellent antidotes to the taking of one's self and life too seriously. The pictures by Mr. Jack and Mr. Hurst are very good.

THE WINNING OF MAY. By the Author of 'Dr. Edith Romney.' 3 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)

The scene is a literary and artistic and fashionable London circle. The heroine is a novelist, a lovely lonely novelist who lives, when we first meet her, by herself in the Fulham Road, and wants to live elsewhere and to see more of a world which she thinks better of than it deserves. When at last her world extends, it includes a brother and sister who are wont to talk in what is called "Beresfordian accents of superlative disdain." Few people are good enough for them, but May wins their favour somehow. The brother is very distinguished, physically deformed, and, like most sufferers in this way in story books, highly intellectual and artistic. The sister Imogen is rude and haughty and a painter. How May adores Beresford, and saves his reputation, and is engaged to him, and then isn't, and is finally reconciled, is a long and maundering story. The "winning of May" was not worth all the trouble that surrounded it. The art gabble, too, tries one's patience. Literary and artistic heroes and heroines invariably make a dull atmosphere for a story. But the book is not a stupid one. Its people are real people, and if only they would bestir themselves rather more they might be even amusing company.

WHO WINS LOSES. By S. M. Locke. 3 vols. (Bentley).

Readers should be advised to read this novel to the end. The third volume contains some satisfaction for them. Till then it is made up of the complacent chatter of a society old maid, a young elderly person, full of vitality and revelling in her interference with other people's affairs. In the course of her career she does endless mischief and is the confidential adviser and evil influence of several families. Her affections are, in a quite maternal way, set on a good-looking young idiot whom she calls "her boy." She lives to feel remorse for having spoilt his life, but after all she only gave a special direction to the ruin which was inevitable from his sheer aimless, heartless stupidity. Her world is a place sparsely inhabited, unless you count the dependents of those whom she recognises as anybodies; and the gossip, the inanities, and the slang of "smart" society have in her a rare interpreter. English snobbery speaks by her lips, and very often in indifferent French. Her condescension when she goes to stop with some people in a Midland manufacturing town who had risen from the ranks, is a sight to be seen. Why, one of their guests actually spoke in terms of familiarity of a great man of the county as the "Earl." The "Earl" was her second cousin, but she wouldn't have mentioned it for worlds. But vengeance overtakes her in volume three, and there she actually confesses a few of her enormities, and calls herself some, not all, of the names you have been hurling at her. There is a certain piquancy in this confession of a worldly woman, but the confession is only skin deep.

It is a foolish book, but not a dull one. There are clever sketches of modern society in it, and none of her people are lay figures; but especially are the disagreeable ones real—Tantine herself, the conceited, complacent,

meddling old maid, and Dorothy the downright, dutiful, young one, who likes people to be punished when they do wrong, and who thinks there is real virtue in being a dowdy. The authoress is indiscreet in her fondness for fine phrases. She found what she thought an excellent description of Dorothy's morality—it "was of the nursery of small observances and petty experiences." It was too good to be only used once, but instead of keeping it for seven years she kept it only for a few hundred pages, and then trotted it out to describe the morality of someone quite different.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

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AP THOMAS.—Not good. It savours of a love letter written in an apologetic mood rather than a love lyric.

CANADA.—If for intimate family reading only, no doubt this will do very well, and criticism would be out of place. I don't suppose you proposed publishing the nursery babblings. If you did, it would be better to try to make a story out of some of your experiences with these delightful children.

CAMELOT.—Pretty. One or two lines might be improved. "Nor could he tell of gladness to himself," is weak and vague in meaning. I'd substitute "land" for "Fatherland." "But he who hears . . . . stirred," also wants to be altered. Could you not introduce "to-day" or some other word to show more plainly that you have jumped from the past to the present? It is not good enough to *demand* admission to a magazine, but some editors would be glad to have it. Write a prose heading in one or two sentences giving the circumstances that inspired the poem, and send it to a semi-religious newspaper or other periodical.

CENSUS.—I don't see much promise in the story. The motive of it has been a very popular one for the last two or three years, and you have not treated it in any novel way. The effect of it is lessened, too, by the commonplace manner in which Harry tells it. Writing only fair, hardly up to the average standard.

C. L. F.—I don't like the "simple song." It entirely spoils the verses into which it is introduced. The subject of the rest wants more lightness of rhythm and of expression. The verse is heavy, *e.g.*, the last line of all. And the words you use are too conventional. "Loyal," by the bye, is of two syllables. The subject and ideas are distinctly good and poetical. Work at this again. As to your query —Yes, but not too many.

C. M. F-G.—The plot is well enough, but the dialogue is poor. I fear it would drag very much were it acted. Could you not persuade some amateurs to try it? If this were done it would be the best means of showing you where to cut it, and where it wants brightening. The characters have not enough "points" about them, and too much is left to the invention of those who would personate them.

DAMARIS.—Yes, quite worth while offering to a magazine—a girls' one. It is very sympathetically told and well written.

D. W. T.—I should say because it is weak and ineffectively told Something could be made of it. The talk is poor, and so is the description of what C. saw. And the explanation is abrupt and unsatisfactory. Then, too, what became of the instrument? Did it continue its eccentricities? It would be best to keep the idea by you for a bit, and work it out anew when you have had time to forget its present setting.

FIDO.—Very good description, and well written. You might get the series published, though the fact that the papers form a series is against them. It would be well if you could procure some sketches or photographs. An illustrated magazine might then be induced to print the papers.

FREE-LANCE.—The paper contains some sensible remarks, but these are buried deep in wordiness. In composition, it is correct and careful enough, and shows conscientious labour. There is in it, however, a constant habit of using words loosely. "Materialistic," "irreligious," "classical" are some of them. And as you build arguments by means of these, the fault is very serious. There is, too, a superstitious straining of quotations, and rather a niggling habit of mind. To gravely call a forty days' fast a "strict and rigorous mode of living" is a little absurd. The statement of impracticable ideas does not necessarily, as you assert, make bad prose. The whole essay has the effect of special pleading.

HARRY.—I don't think there is anything "inherently unsuitable for a Family Magazine" in the story. On the contrary the tone is all that is desirable. The incidents are interesting, but a little too slight to hang such a weight of writing on. As before, there is too much writing, too much detail. If you could cut it here and there it would have a better chance. Otherwise the story, taken as a whole, is good. John is too aggressively disagreeable in one scene.

HILDA.—Rhythm of the winter poem good. That of the other less so, and indeed it is much weaker in every way. They are not worthless, but they are not very interesting.

IN HOC SIGNO.—I do not think the translations are very singable, but otherwise they are pretty good, with the exception of the version of "Es war ein alter König," which is not successful. In "Ein Fichtenbaum," you have translated "Morgenland" rather freely. The original sonnet is pretty, but except that it has fourteen lines, it is not a sonnet. Better have made it into a little lyric in a freer measure.

J. C.—Story-telling does not seem to be your strong point. This one, at least, is rather absurd. 'First violins' don't grow quite so quickly, nor do worldly girls turn tender and wildly romantic with years. It is fairly well written, though there are a few slips that need not have occurred—calling a lodger "front-parlour," for instance, is not "personification." Stick to the description of realities for a while, and put off the writing of fiction till you have a little more experience of life. This story would not be a recommendation to you for the kind of post you are seeking.

LAON.—You cannot leave it in its present state. The idea at the bottom of it is too good and the expression too bad. I understand the general drift, but some of the thoughts are altogether inarticulate. The construction of stanza 2 is very puzzling, for instance—especially in the middle lines. Yet the verse might be made very fine. Stanza 3 is more intelligible, but it has to be read several times before its meaning is grasped. No. 5, again, is dark. No. 6 is the best of all and very good. Your thought oozes out sluggishly. I don't think it is as you say in mere versification that your difficulty lies. You would probably find a like difficulty in writing prose. It can only be got over by practice and stern self-criticism, and it is quite worth while trying.

LEX.—Pretty enough in sentiment, but poor as verse.

MARCHMENT.—Much too argumentative for a sonnet. I don't see the bearing of the first line on the rest, and it is very inharmonious. There is meaning in it, which saves it from being rubbish, but it is not poetry.

M. G.P.—No. 1. The conception is pretty, and the verse very fair. The language is a little too conventional. By the bye, in stanza five, was it Dora or the bird that "fluttered"? The other has good points, but is much less successful. If you want to sing of nature you must take some quite other models, less artificial ones, than those that have evidently served you in such instances as "A linnet emulates with liquid lay," and "As if the clouds pacific portents bore from precincts far." The line beginning, "Like a worshipper" does not scan. Still on the whole these are more promising than the last.

OSWALD.—No worse than many other hymns. But it is feeble, and occasionally incoherent. In stanza 2, for instance, the petition in line 3 is intelligible, but not that in line 4—the matter rests mainly with the petitioner. In stanza 3, too, the last line suggests a criticism which, perhaps, may occur to yourself. Stanza 4 is doggerel. The fault of nearly all this kind of verse is that the feeling inspiring it is too vague—it is mere imitative emotion—to have a chance of finding strong and sincere expression.

R. C. M.—Very boyish, but there is a good deal of spirit in it. It is very bad policy to have a poor rhyme for your very last word. There are some of the lines faulty as to rhythm, *e.g.*, "He remembers well how night's," etc. It is not the kind of poem that is welcomed in a magazine, and I should advise you to defer all thoughts of publication for two or three years. What you have to say just now is too immature in thought or expression to be of much use, but you have evidently a good deal of ambition, ability, and spirit. These things "keep."

REST.—Fairly good. It is too good-goody to be really good, but a children's magazine might take it. It is of a much approved but not very wholesome kind. Wasn't it very unprofessional of the doctor to speak aloud of his patient's condition in the chemist's shop?

SHOP-BOY.—Sacrifice the beginning. It is too horrible, and would scare any one you read it to. Then you might offer it to a newspaper, but do not count on its acceptance. It is very immature, though there is some promising vigour in it. The notion of a noisy, raving madman writing anything so coherent is, of course, rather absurd. Your passionate devotion to literature would most intelligently show itself just now by waiting and reading. Let your models be sober ones. You have enough of the wildly sensational in yourself. Spelling, too, is just important enough to demand some attention.

T. B.—The language is simply magnificent, and the sentiments sound lofty. But I don't understand what it is all about. It reads as if it had been written in a dream. I can offer no criticism.

TORPAS.—Second line of sonnet ugly. The whole is indefinite and feeble. The "Ballade" is very good. Send it to a boy's paper. No. 3 hardly calls for criticism.

W. G.—Hardly a test of ability. The paragraphs are in point of information and form fair, if some of the blunders be set down to the printer. One of the bits of information is entirely contrary to fact. Another paragraph puffs a production which the literary caterer of even "a provincial journal, published monthly at twopence," should have looked at with discreet suspicion. Another contains "that occult concoctions" and "any such other so called." Why do you speak of the "premier" volume of a series? They are good enough, on the whole. In such paragraphs, descriptive is better than critical comment.

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DERMER, E. C.—The Beatitudes, Studies for Lent, 2/6.... Blackwell
EYTON, R.—The Search for God.....K. Paul
GARNIER, J.—Sin and Redemption ..... Stock
[*Chapters on the Origin of Evil, the Fall of Man, on Expiation, etc. The volume contains some interesting speculation on these points, but is written in a forbiddingly ponderous style.*]
HATCH, E., and REDPATH, H. A.—Concordance to the Septuagint, Part 2, 21/- ..... Clarendon Press
HORNBY, the late T.—Gleanings in Many Fields, Notes on the New Testament, 2 vols., 12/-..... Howell
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MILLER, Rev. J. R.—Come ye Apart..... S.S.A.
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[*See p.* 155.]
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